

The Sketch

No. 1016.—Vol. LXXIX.

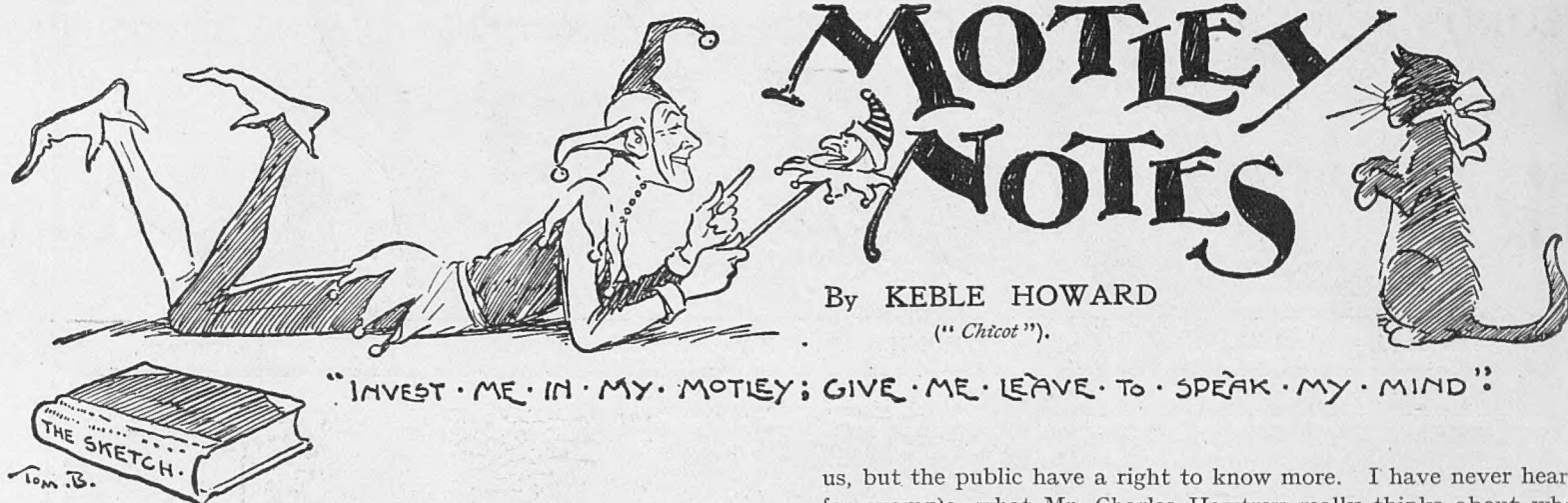
WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



"QUEENE, IN WHOME THE WHOLE STORIE OF VERTUE IS WRITTEN, WITH THE LANGUAGE OF BEAUTIE":
VISCOUNTESS CURZON, QUEEN OF BEAUTY AT THE ELIZABETHAN TRIUMPH.

The "Justes Royall" at the Elizabethan Triumph, held at "Shakespeare's England" on Thursday last, were proclaimed by the Herald in true mediæval style. Turning towards the Queen of Beauty, he said: "Theis noble Knightes . . . have come into your presence, feire lady, as their Judge whome they knowe as even in judgement as daintie in choosing (*bowing to her*) to accomplish and fulfil acts of arms and recomaunde their all unto your gode grace in as lowly wise as they can. . . . O Queene, in whome the whole storie of vertue is written, with the language of beautie, your eies, which till now have bene onelie wont to discerne the bowed knées of knéeing hearts, and inwardlie turned found alwaies the heavenly peace of a sweet mind, should not now have their faire beames reflected with the shining of armour, should not now be driven to see the furie of desire nor the fiery force of furie. But sith so it is (alas that so it is), they are come: what need I saie more, you see them, readie in hart as you know, and able with hands as they hope, not onelie to assailing but to prevailing."—[*Photograph by G.P.U.*]



The Dauntless Eno.

The Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been having a very interesting chat with Mr. Eno—not the Mr. Eno whose name must ever be linked in the minds of the public with extracts from the works of the great poets, but Mr. William Phelps Eno, of America. Mr. William Phelps has come to the world at the right moment. He is a philanthropist, and his philanthropy takes the form of a passionate desire to regulate street traffic. Imagine a man devoting the best years of his life and the best part of his fortune to the regulation of street traffic! There is a large place in the general scheme of things for Mr. William P. Eno.

He began with New York. I understand that he has succeeded in regulating the traffic in New York—so much so, in fact, that “New York can give points to London.” All this must have happened since my visit to the States in the autumn of 1910. At that time, many ladies were afraid to go out on foot. Others, sufficiently venturesome to explore Fifth Avenue, none the less confined their explorations to one side of the street. If they happened to have business on the other side, they conducted that business by telephone.

Londoners, reading of this state of things, must guard against arrogance. We are very proud, and rightly proud, of our system for the regulation of traffic, but I knew of a distinguished writer, not so long ago, who would never cross the Strand without the help of a policeman's arm. Even more careful was the man who waited for Sunday before crossing!

Follow the Favourite.

Mr. William P. Eno, having seen all right with the traffic problem in New York, has turned his attention to Paris. For a man with his hobby, Paris must be a very haven of delight. The Grands Boulevards or the Rue de la Paix, at five o'clock on any afternoon, will send him into paroxysms of joy. I see ten or twelve years of unadulterated pleasure for Mr. Eno in Paris.

In Paris, of course, he will soon discover that crossing the street goes by favour. The method of the gendarme is simple in the extreme. He stands in the middle of the street and allows the traffic to flow past him in a beautiful, endless stream. He hates to check this stream. He loves the revolving wheels, and the cracking whips, and the crests on the panels of the smart automobiles, and the splendid ladies, and the general gaiety and swirl of it all. The mass of foot-passengers on the pavement grows and grows, but that does not disturb him. He feels, in his heart, that everybody who is anybody should ride.

Quite suddenly, however, he catches sight of a friend on the pavement. It may be a man to whom he owes a little money, or his landlady, or his wife's father, or even his wife. At once, without hesitation, up goes the little white stick. The drivers cannot believe that he means it, and on they drive. But the gendarme is determined that his friend shall cross the street. He curses, runs to and fro, risks his life a dozen times, and at last there is a gap. Over comes the friend, and over with him come all those wily ones who have been waiting for this splendid chance. His friend in safety, the gendarme gives the sign for the wheeled traffic to continue forthwith. Crack go the whips, blare go the tooters, down go the slow and hesitating, up come the ambulances, and all is one jolly swirl once again.

My felicitations, Mr. William P. Eno.

Advantage of the “Earphone.”

It is always pleasant to see the boundaries between the stage and the public swept away. We do not, even yet, know enough of the inner lives of our stage favourites. The Press has done much to enlighten

us, but the public have a right to know more. I have never heard, for example, what Mr. Charles Hawtrey really thinks about when he is having his boots buttoned, and I think the public should at once learn whether Mr. Arthur Bourchier prefers the moon to the sun.

“The earphone,” I am glad to think, will bring the public much nearer to the private lives of their theatrical favourites. The “earphone”—charming name!—is an instrument that will soon be installed in every theatre in the land. You put sixpence in the slot, it seems, and then you put the “earphone” in your ears, and lo! the tiniest whisper on the stage is audible to you.

This is splendid. The public will immediately discover that actors and actresses have a great deal more to say on the stage than the author has written for them. In the first place, they have to tell each other what they think about the audience. This should interest the audience very much. Then one has to comment on some minor alteration in the costume of the other, relate the doings of the day, make an arrangement for supper, and curse the management. So that the expert and intelligent “earphonist” will get a double dialogue for his money—one spoken aloud, the other *sotto voce*. In this way—

HE: Ah! So you have come at last! I feared that your servant was wrong, and that you were not at home after all. (*I've been gagging the most infernal rubbish for the last two minutes!*)

SHE: My dear Harold! How can you think that I should be out when I knew that you had arranged to call! (*Frightfully sorry! That idiot fastened me up wrong all the way down!*)

HE: That is too sweet of you! But tell me! Have you spoken to your husband as you promised? (*Did you ever see such a rotten house in all your life?*)

SHE: Not yet. I have tried—oh, believe me, I have tried! But he is so cold—so difficult to approach! He terrifies me! (*Only two rows in the pit, I'm told! We haven't an earthly!*)

HE: I know, my beloved! But you must be brave—brave for my sake! (*I don't care. I've just fixed for the autumn.*)

SHE: I will try—I swear it! Give me a little longer, and oh! Harold, try not to be harsh with me! I could not bear one rough word, one angry look, even, from you! (*Have you really? Good biz! Who with?*)

HE: There, there! Compose yourself! Sit here, and let me hold your hand a little! Why, my fairy, you're trembling! That won't do, you know! There! That's better! (*C. F. Open in New York on the first of October.*)

SHE: Ah, how good and kind you are to me! If things had only been different! If I had only known you—only known you first. Is it wrong of me to say that, my love? (*Anything going for me, or is it all filled up?*)

HE: Wrong? How should it be wrong? (*I'm not sure, but I'll ask Dot to-morrow.*)

SHE: I don't know, but I'm so full of strange fancies to-night! Don't go yet! Promise that you won't leave me yet! (*Thanks, awfully.*)

HE: (*Not till I've got this speech off my chest.*) Ah, Doris, life is a strange, strange tangle! (*Sort of turkey-trot.*) We put out our baby hands to feel the way, and our fingers recoil from the brambles. (*That fetched the fat old girl in the second row.*) Sometimes we have neither the courage to climb the hill nor descend into the vale. (*When in doubt, take the Tube.*) It is then that we have most need of love, of sympathy, of understanding, of comfort. (*Two more hankies in the pit.*) You and I, darling, have reached that stage in our long journey. (*All change, please.*)

SHE: And we will not fail each other, will we, Harold? (*You beast!*)

CURTAIN.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



SECRET SOCIETIES OF ITALY AND CHINA; THE CAMORRA AND THE TRIAD; AND SOME ZULU SKIRTS.

A Tale of the Camorra.

A pæan of rejoicings has gone up in print over the verdict on the Camorra prisoners at Viterbo, and it is stated—rather previously, I fear—that the great secret society of Italy has been scotched. That Naples will no longer be its headquarters is probable, but it is so widely

the head of the police in Penang during the time I was quartered there, and on one occasion when I was dining with him, and his presence was required at a riot, I accompanied him through a night when the police were very hard put to it to get the mastery over the adherents of two secret Chinese societies, one of them the Triad, who were fighting each other with big bamboo poles and knives and every other weapon that was handy.



KEEPING THEM WARM: ST. BERNARD DOGS IN COMBINATIONS.

Much amusement was caused the other day at Paddington by the arrival of four valuable St. Bernard dogs attired in combinations. They belonged to Mr. Redwood, of Wrexham.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

spread over the whole of Italy that it can be no more killed by imprisoning its Neapolitan leaders than you can kill an octopus by cutting off one of its tentacles. The society has local branches in every town of importance, and it adapts its methods to the status of the people whom it bleeds. How polite the Camorrist can be a true tale of how an Englishman subscribed to its funds will show. The Englishman in question, a married man, took a house in one of the seaport towns of Italy, not Naples, and brought his English furniture with him. A month or two after he had taken up residence, a very polite Italian gentleman called on him and presented him with a bill for £60 for furniture bought from an Italian firm. The Englishman said that there must be some mistake, for he had bought no furniture in Italy, and his visitor then explained that the bill was the means by which he might subscribe to the local branch of the Camorra, and thus obtain its protection. There was no hurry about the matter, said the polite Italian, and if the Englishman did not care to pay at once the matter might stand over for six months. The Englishman went to his Consul, who referred him to the local head of the police. The local head of the police, talking as an official, promised him every protection if he did not intend to give the money, but, as a private individual, suggested to him that £60 was not very much to pay to avoid all the anxiety that was entailed by being in the black books of the Camorra. The Englishman paid his £60, and holds the bill, duly receipted, for purely imaginary furniture, bought from a purely imaginary Italian firm.

A Useful Snapshot.

Photographers and their snapshots have done their full share of mischief in this world, as the records of the Law Courts can prove, but a snapshot taken just at the moment when a Chinaman fired at the Governor of Hong Kong enabled the police to arrest that Chinaman's accomplice, who was shown by the camera to be standing ready with a revolver in his hand. The Triad Society, whose emissaries the two Chinamen are said to have been, is one of the half-dozen secret societies which make trouble wherever Chinamen are to be found all over the world. This society has branches not only at Hong Kong, but at the ports in the Straits Settlements, and at Penang, whenever breaking of heads was going on in the Chinese town, the Triad Society had a hand in it. I was on very friendly terms with

A Triad Truncheon.

A trophy, a Triad truncheon, which I brought away from this particular riot now hangs peacefully on one of the walls of my flat. The man who was trying to use it was hit hard over the head with a big pole by one of his compatriots of the other faction, and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more. A Sikh constable picked up the dropped weapon and handed it to me. It is as murderous-looking a thing as can well be imagined. It is of steel, and there is a hand-guard in the shape of two curved daggers, so that, having hit your man over the head with the truncheon part, you can stab him in the eye at the same time with one of the daggers. The handle is very neatly bound round with twine, so as to give a firm grip. It hangs alongside a cutlass which I picked up on the field of Isandula, and which I believe to be the one used by the one sailor who was in that massacre, the naval attaché's orderly, and who died in a hand-to-hand fight with the Zulus.

The Skirts of Inhambane Ladies.

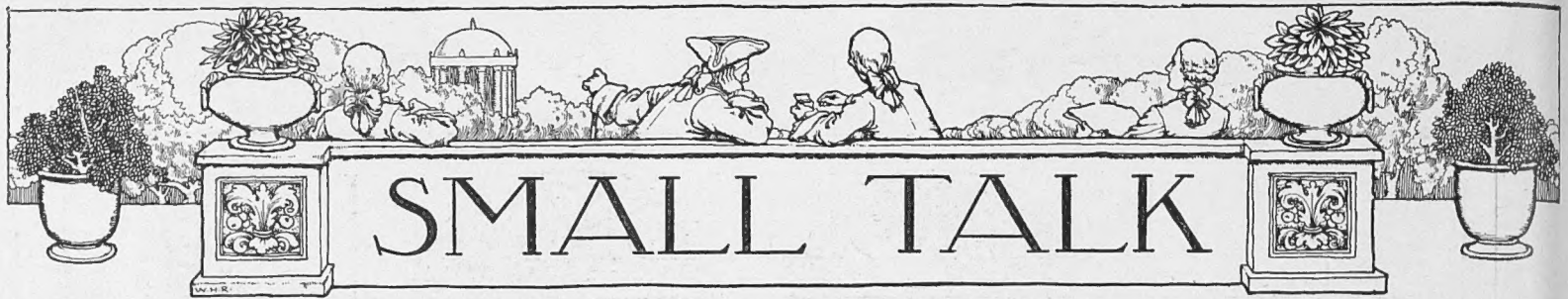
To skip from a cutlass which I found rusting in the shadow of the sphinx-shaped hill of Isandula to the skirts of the ladies of Inhambane is to travel half the length of Africa, but the question of how natives should dress is not confined, by any means, to the district about Mombasa. It is a question which continually crops up. The Inhambane native women considered it a slur on their virtue that they should be ordered to wear skirts when bringing their fowls and eggs and plantains to market, and a General in South Africa once nearly lost all his native allies by making sumptuary regulations for them. It was during the Zulu War, when General Crealock was at Port Durnford, and the local chiefs, some of whom were inclined to be friendly, came, at intervals, into camp to hear what the white General, and Dunn, the hunter, had to say to them. Their costume



THE AWFUL EFFECTS OF WINNING A FIRST PRIZE FOR TRAGEDY: Mlle. GUINTINI ALMOST FAINTS ON LEAVING THE PARIS CONSERVATOIRE AFTER HER SUCCESS.

Mlle. Guintini, who recently won the first prize for tragedy at the Paris Conservatoire, was so much overcome by the emotional strain she had gone through that she almost fainted as she was leaving the building after the performance.—[Photograph by G.P.]

was the usual Zulu costume of a tiny apron of skins, some beads, and some bracelets. General Crealock thought that a calico coat would be a sensible addition, and offered such a garment to his visitors. They, however, politely declined.



WHILE he was offering hospitality at Lord's, and an exceptionally advantageous view of the game from his carriage to the north of the pavilion, Lord Clifden was aware that he might have been watching instead some much bigger scoring at Christie's. The dwarf secrétaire, for instance, which had fetched 650 guineas (a good price, as was then thought), in his own sale in 1895, when resold last week fetched 4000 guineas. Such figures are not wholly cheering to a former owner; but Lady Clifden finished a day of rather slow cricket by giving a particularly pretty and gay dinner, and by afterwards conducting her guests to Mrs. Leslie Melville's party, where Kyasht and Valinin were in great form.



THE REAL HAREM SKIRT:
THE MARQUISE D'ARGENSON
IN EASTERN FANCY DRESS.

muslin realised that something curiously interesting had happened. But Mr. Crutchley and his measles did make small talk and a tiny stir. With a temperature of over a hundred he had scored ninety-nine. And even then he was annoyed, for he had promised the only lady in the secret of his indisposition that his score should beat his thermometer's—a century odd!

"Engaged." One of the most interesting engagements of the season is that of Mr. Edward Riddell-Blount, of Cheeseburn Grange, Northumberland, and of Mapledurham, Oxfordshire, and Caroline Elizabeth, daughter of M. de Bille, formerly Danish Minister to the Court of St. James's. The owner of one of the most delightful of all Thames places has always been envied, but never grudged his good fortune. A man of serious interests, a careful reader of grave books, and a lover of light ones, he is not so absorbed a student as to be an indifferent sportsman. A popular member of Brooks' and the St. James's, he is also an expert arboriculturist. Mapledurham was beloved by Pope, some of whose letters are supposed still to lie in wait in dusty chests to reward the patient searcher. The marriage will take place this month; and as the bridegroom is a keen motorist, the honeymoon will doubtless begin in a car, if only to avoid the legend, "Engaged," on a railway carriage window—a most misleading label, as a couple

recently complained at Victoria the other day, since "Married" was now the appropriate word.

*Not a Cook too
Many.*

Sir E. T. Cook, leader-writer and Ruskinian, deserves his Knighthood, and the consequences. On July 26 he is to be entertained to dinner, with Lord Morley in the chair, at the Hotel Cecil. His entertainers will be men of letters and of the Press, among the company being Lord Milner, who will be able to recall his journalistic days. To the average man the new Knight is known as the maker of the best guide to the National Gallery and as the biographer of Ruskin. To the men who honour him on the 26th he stands as a type of worker in Upper, as against Lower, Grub Street.

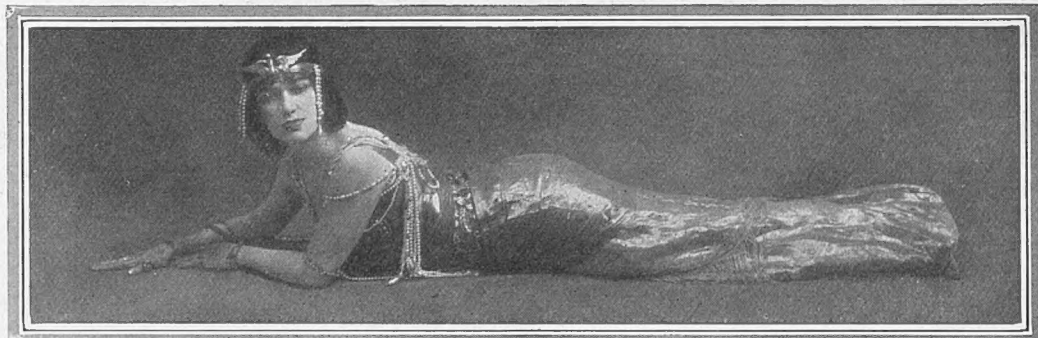
*The Lady and
the Playboys.*

Lady Gregory, the heroine of the adventurous tour of "The Playboy of the Western World" in America, is now the heroine of a most successful season at the Court Theatre. The season and most of the plays are hers. Those she did not write she helped others to write. When Mr. George Moore and Mr. Yeats tried to compose "Diarmid and Grania" together under her weeping-ash at Coole, they disagreed under that weeping-ash. Then, says Mr. Moore, she would "cross the sward and pacify us." But when Lady Gregory left "Yeats would say that the first act of every good play is horizontal, the second perpendicular." "And the third, I suppose, circular?" added Mr. Moore. On this they agreed, but that play, despite Lady Gregory, was never finished.



AS IN A TALE BY SCHEHERAZADE:
THE VICOMTESSE DE COULOMBIERS
AND PRINCE HENRI DE POLIGNAC.

THE EASTERN CRAZE IN PARIS: THE
HAUT MONDE IN ORIENTAL DRESS.
The craze for Oriental fancy dress in
Paris began with the two "Thousand
and One Nights" Balls given by the
Comtesse Aynard de Chabrilan and
the Comtesse de Clermont-Tonnerre.



BROUGHT INTO A BALL-ROOM INSIDE A TERRA-COTTA HORN: THE DUCHESS DE GRAMONT
IN EGYPTIAN COSTUME.

At a recent fancy dress ball in Paris two great horns of terra-cotta were brought in and laid at the hostess's feet. From these horns emerged the Duchesse de Gramont and the Comtesse Stanislas de Castellane, wound round with golden bands and veils, who assumed attitudes borrowed from Egyptian statuary.—[Photographs by O'Doye.]

it may be stated at a hazard, holds the record for long subscription-paying in this or any club. He joined the Carlton in 1840, or seventy-two years ago. But the Earl of Courtown and Earl Nelson run him very close—the one having joined in 1843, the other in 1845.



AS AN "ARABIAN NIGHTS"
HEROINE: THE COMTESSE
CHARLES DE LÉVIS-MIREPOIX.

*The Changeless
Carlton.*

It is argued that if the Carlton increases the number of its members, and arm-chairs, by admitting a horde of Liberal Unionists, no very serious change of temper or policy will be involved. Already Lord Selborne and Mr. Austen Chamberlain are among its mellowing members. The zest of partisanship has not been watered down on their account, and it was possible, only a year or two ago, for a Peer who had so far forgotten himself as to vote for the Parliament Bill to be hissed when he sought the seclusion of the smoking-room. Change sweeps the country, but not the Carlton. It remains, and so do its members. Lord Wemyss,

PEOPLE WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO.



MR. G. E. V. CRUTCHLEY—FOR MAKING 99 NOT OUT FOR OXFORD AGAINST CAMBRIDGE THE DAY BEFORE HE WAS TAKEN ILL WITH MEASLES.

Photograph by Sport and General.



MR. DAVID PAGETT—FOR BEING SUCH A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT FOR HERR JAN KUBELIK, WHO BEFRIENDED HIM.

Photograph by C.N.



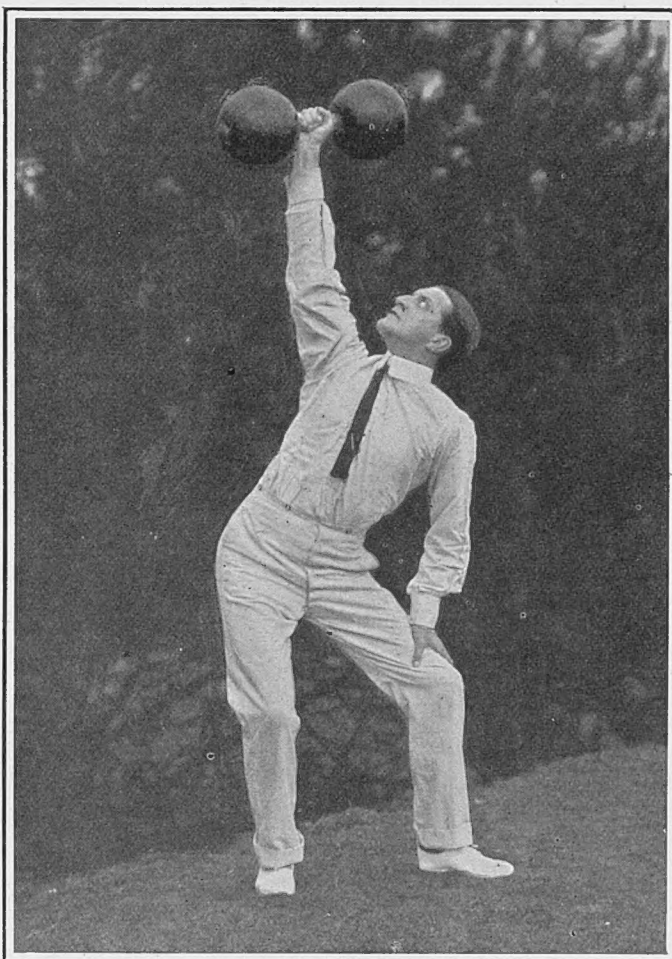
MR. THOMAS LUMLEY DANN—FOR HIS ABILITY IN DEVISING NEW METHODS OF ADVERTISING MUSICIANS.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



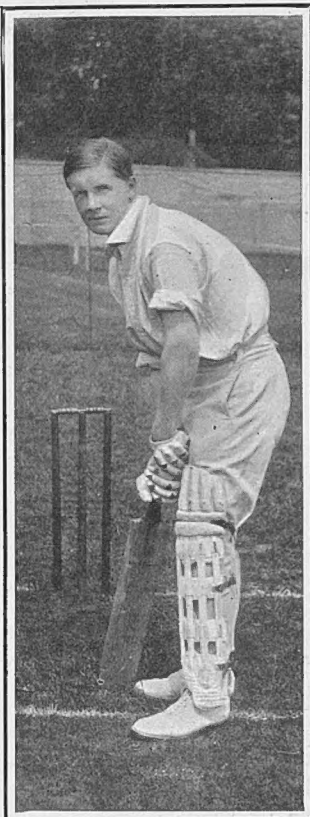
MR. A. N. S. JACKSON—FOR RETRIEVING BRITISH PRESTIGE AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES BY WINNING THE 1500 METRES RACE IN RECORD TIME.

Photograph by Sport and General.



MR. OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON, M.P.—FOR FORMING A SYNDICATE TO ACQUIRE A CONTROLLING INTEREST IN THE "DAILY EXPRESS."

Photograph by A. F. Rogers.



MR. R. B. LAGDEN—FOR BEING BOWLED BY HIS BROTHER IN THE 'VARSITY MATCH AND MAKING 61 FOR CAMBRIDGE.

Photograph by E. Hawkins.



MR. S. F. CODY—FOR CHOOSING A COW TO LAND ON IN HIS AEROPLANE, IN HIS RECENT MISHAP ON LAFFAN'S PLAIN.

Photograph by L.N.A.



MR. DAVID MASON, M.P.—FOR BLUSHING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS WHEN MR. HARCOURT ALLUDED TO "THE SEX."

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



MR. R. O. LAGDEN—FOR BOWLING HIS BROTHER IN THE 'VARSITY MATCH AND MAKING 68 FOR OXFORD.

Photograph by E. Hawkins.

It will be interesting news to many people that Mr. Oliver Locker Lampson, M.P., has just been instrumental in forming a syndicate to acquire the "Daily Express." His well-known democratic tendencies, as Secretary of the Unionist Working Men Candidates Fighting Fund, makes this Press connection especially important. Mr. Locker Lampson, who is the strong man of the House of Commons, is shown lifting a 156 lb. weight. He is also a poet and an Etonian.—A remarkable feature of the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match was the fact that two brothers, Messrs. R. O. and R. B. Lagden, were playing on opposite sides. One bowled the other, and both made an innings of over 60. Mr. R. O. Lagden heads the Oxford batting averages for the season with 54, while Mr. R. B. Lagden is second with 28 in the Cambridge averages.—Another peculiar occurrence in the match was the fact that Mr. G. E. V. Crutchley, who made 99 not out in Oxford's first innings, was stricken with measles and unable to bat in the second innings, to the great disadvantage of his side.—In the Olympic Games at Stockholm, Mr. A. N. S. Jackson, the Oxford runner, broke a world's record by winning the 1500 metres race (1640 yards) in 3 min. 56.4-5 sec.—Mr. S. F. Cody, while trying a new monoplane at Laffan's Plain, Aldershot, came to grief by descending on a cow. The machine was wrecked, and the unfortunate cow was killed, but Mr. Cody was, happily, unhurt. In the House of Commons the other day Mr. Lewis Harcourt, turning to Mr. David Mason, the member for Coventry, who had threatened to vote against the third reading of the Franchise Bill if Female Suffrage were not included, said: "Surely it would be an illogical proceeding to betray the sex he adorns in the supposed interest of the sex he adores." Mr. Mason blushed at this epigrammatic shaft.—Mr. Thomas Lumley Dann, journalist and Press agent, recently won an action against Herr Kubelik, in connection with a contract for a proposed charity concert on behalf of a boy musician named David Pagett, whom Herr Kubelik had befriended. Some amusing and instructive light was thrown on the methods of booming famous musicians.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

JAPANESE singing beetles, known as Fuku Moushis, will trill nearly all day long if they are fed occasionally on salad. Here is a suggestion for the diet of our rising music-hall artists, now that Variety has come into its own.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE MUSIC-HALL.

(The Command Music-Hall Performance at the Palace Theatre before the King and Queen has now for ever stamped Variety Shows with the Hall Mark of Respectability.)

Not many years ago we all
Were reared on the tra-
dition
Which dubbed the British
Music-Hall
The hall door of perdition.
For Music-Halls had earned a
name
For dubious plastic poses,
And those twin props of comic
fame,
Red herrings and red noses.

But now the carper's dead
and dumb
Beneath the mausoleum
Of Palace or Palladium,
Empire or Coliseum.
For now the King and Queen
and all
The great ones of Society
Have stamped upon the
Music-Hall
The Hall Mark of Pro-
priety.



Patriotism among the pigs. A "happy porcine mother" (lovely phrase!) in Leicestershire has had eighty-four pigs in five litters. Surely this gallant attempt to bring down the price of breakfast bacon deserves some recognition.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, who was discovered by the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, U.S.A., has a maternal grandmother. This good lady

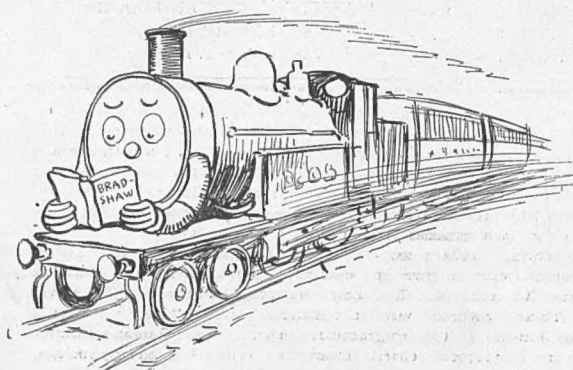
was the daughter of a Scotchman whose wife's nephew was the maternal grandfather of the present Archbishop of York. What relation is the Archbishop to the Doctor? A Scotch cousin? Quite right.

Rousseau has been having a celebration all to himself at Geneva, where the periwinkle, his favourite flower, was worn by everybody. Open-air banquets were also held at which everyone was armed with a pin, for the dish was periwinkle, Rousseau's favourite form of lobster.

Sir William Ramsay's experience teaches him that women are rarely so inventive as men. Here we have the whole cause of the Unrest among Women. When the Suffragettes have all got latch-keys they will be quite as inventive about having to stop late as men now are.

Captain Amundsen says that when he reached the South Pole he found the weather warmer and pleasant. He must have spent June in England.

Engines with brains, which put on their own brakes when there is danger of a collision, are the latest invention. All we want now is an engine which studies its own Bradshaw and is never behind time.



A man may be a good Englishman, although he is a patriotic Yorkshireman. This is not the wisdom of Solomon, but of Mr. Herbert Samuel.

Gallant little Switzerland holds the record in the Divorce Court Marathon with considerably more than twice as many divorces per 100,000 inhabitants as England. After all, the Merry Swiss Boy is not an epitome of all the virtues, for he divorces frequently and jodels seldom.

At Biesk, in Siberia, a dairy has been started for the manufacture of Cheshire cheese. To be given American bread, Danish butter, German beer, and Chesiroff cheeski by an Italian waiter may well make a man wonder if anything is grown in poor old England now, except strikes.

"Animals do not suffer from the heat in summer, because they only drink at night," says a Professor of Mam-mology. That may be all very well for free animals, but night happens to be exactly the time when an unintelligent Legislature has shut up all the places of refreshment.

The average young man of to-day, aged something under thirty, is said by one of our social observers to be a poor creature who cannot even express his feeble thoughts properly. So, in addition to being too old at forty, the modern man is too young at thirty.

DUCKS' EGGS.

(A French scientist has been experimenting with ducks, and finds that they lay eggs of varying colours according to the food on which they are fed.)

Stout Mrs. Baggs who "does" for me, and likewise incidentally
For a portion of the whisky that adorns
my chiffonier,

Has looked upon my breakfast egg of late experimentally,
A la mode de French Academy of Sciences, I fear.

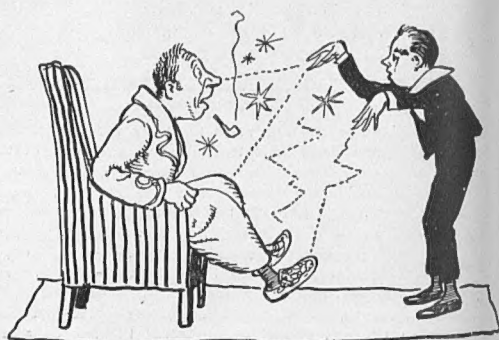
I noticed they were ducks' eggs, that their colouring was various,
Unlike the oval issue of the homely, honest hen,
But I guessed that her intentions were in no degree nefarious
When she boasted she had purchased them at eighteenpence for ten.

Then I trotted out my knowledge: "Little ducks that are carnivorous
Lay eggs which by some weird and strange fatality are white;
While green 'uns are the progeny of ducks that are piscivorous,
The former being heavy, and the latter being light."

But the queerest thing about the ducks is why the vegetarians—"Here I paused as, boiling over, Mrs. Baggs began to speak: "There ain't no call for langwidge, for the blessed lot is dairy 'uns, And you 'll kindly suit yourself with other rooms within the week."

Lively for babies. The younger generation not meeting with the approval of experts, the latest scientific dodge is to bring up babies on the high-frequency electric treatment, with six doses of the current a day. This ought to fetch them along; but when the electrical babies grow up we of the capable forties may expect to get shocked.

Take notice. You must not take or destroy the eggs of the Buzzard, Corn-crake, or Kestrel, within the bounds of the County of London. As Ole Brer Buzzard habitually rears his family in Piccadilly Circus, this is a very necessary prohibition.



LORDS OF LORD'S: No. IV.—"THE CROUCHER."



ONE OF THE BIGGEST HITTERS EVER SEEN IN THE CRICKET FIELD: MR. G. L. JESSOP.

Mr. G. L. Jessop, the famous Gloucestershire batsman, who has been described as "one of the biggest hitters ever seen in the cricket field," was born at Cheltenham in 1874. He got his blue at Cambridge in 1896, and later became captain. On going down he assumed the captaincy of Gloucestershire. In batting he has attitudes and strokes entirely his own, but marvellously effective. Numerous centuries stand to his credit; three times he has made two in one match, and five times he has exceeded 200, his highest score being 286 against Sussex at Brighton in 1903. The great innings of his life, however, was his 104 in a Test Match at the Oval in 1902, which turned defeat into victory for England. This year, so far, he has not done much in the Test Matches. Against South Africa in June he only made 3, and last week 16 and 1. He did not play against Australia in June.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



THE 1911-12 CROP OF PLAYS: A DRAMATIC RETROSPECT.

The Past Season. In looking back at the records of last season one must not ignore the fact that there are distinctions to be drawn between plays produced in the ordinary way and the numerous outside experiments. So far as the ordinary stage is concerned, 1911-12 has been disappointing. The theatres have been occupied, during the great part of it by mere farces, two of them very clever and amusing; "Fanny" and "Bunty" were "carried over" from the last account. "The Glad Eye," which is likely to be equally successful, belongs to another category. "The Bear Leaders," also a farce, has occupied a theatre successfully, and "Bella Donna," a Society melodrama, has been at the St. James's during most of the season. Perhaps the most agreeable and hopeful matter is the success of Mr. Arnold Bennett, who after scoring with the clever light comedy, "The Honeymoon," has, in partnership with Mr. Knoblauch, given "Milestones" to us, and it is certainly the best from every point of view of the novelties of the season. Another novelist-dramatist, Mr. John Galsworthy, presented to us a charming, delicate play called "The Pigeon," a little too slight in texture for the public at present, but likely to see the boards again. The venture of Mr. Wells was really second-hand, since, I believe, he had little to do in the actual preparation of the stage version of "Kipps"—another instance of an admirable novel proving unsuitable for adaptation. Two new dramatists may be welcomed—Miss Sowerby, whose very able work, "Rutherford and Son," has been much admired and well patronised; and Mr. Macdonald Hastings. The latter had two runs for his clever, original work called "The New Sin," one at a matinée series and the other in the evening bill. His second play, "Love—and What Then?" proved to be rather less clever and original.

Shakespeare.

There was a fair quantity of Shakespeare, including Sir Herbert Tree's first revival of "Macbeth" and "Othello," and his quite remarkable Shakespeare Festival, which excusably, if irrelevantly, included "Iphigenia in Tauris"; this, originally presented by the Barker-McCarthy management for a series of matinées, was one of the finest and most interesting of the Greek revivals we have had. Naturally, it leads me to the "Œdipus" boom at Covent Garden, in which there was a great deal more of Reinhardt, the producer, than of Sophocles, the author. However, many

boomed affair, "The Miracle," which certainly had great merit as a spectacle, if little as a play, though one may doubt the legitimacy of some of the apparatus adopted. Our own established playwrights have not been quite triumphant. "The Ogre" did not show Mr. Arthur Jones at his best; "The Perplexed Husband" and "The Fire Screen" will not add greatly to the reputation of Mr. Sutro. Sir Arthur Pinero's very clever comedy, "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl," caused more discussion than enthusiasm. Two ambitious dramas in verse were given—"The War God," by Mr. Zangwill, a very uneven work of much ability; and "Proud Maisie," which merely proved that Mr. Hemmerde is not a poet. I ought to add to my list the agreeable comedy, "At the Barn," by Mr. Wharton, which is still running, and "Jelf's," by Mr. Vachell, which has "caught on."

Musical Comedy.

The musico-dramatic world has been busy:

indeed, there have been a dozen productions—a fact which shows an unusual proportion of failures. The most interesting venture was Sir Herbert's revival of "Orphée aux Enfers." Two American musical comedies have failed to stagger London, and even the cleverness of Mr. Granville Barker did not give a long run to "Bonita."

The "Irregular" Entertainments.

The number of "irregular" productions has been tremendous: new play-producing societies have been born almost every week, and three Sundays out of four have offered some theatrical entertainment. Four prohibited pieces have been presented—a clever little work by Miss Christopher St. John, called "The Coronation," Housman's "Pains and Penalties," Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and "The Secret Woman," by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, an able but not altogether satisfactory work, produced by a remarkable collection of literary folk as a protest against the Censor. These four, taken with the license to present "Dear Old Charlie" (which, to the satisfaction of all decent people, was a failure), robbed the Censor of some of his supporters. Some interesting plays and much rubbish have been the outcome of this activity: there is a deplorable waste of power in the multiplication of these societies. Among the most notable works were "The Bias of the World," by J. Benavente; "The Hartley Family," by V. O'Sullivan; "The Sea Gull," by Tchekhof, and two Strindberg plays. It is not unlikely that ere long we shall see something of a Strindberg boom. A noteworthy feature of the season has been the triumph of the Irish players, who, thanks to admirable presentation of interesting works, have had a brilliantly successful season; an equally important and interesting matter is the visit of the Manchester Repertory Theatre, which, after the close of its ordinary season, is popping up again with the presentation of "Hindle Wakes" for a run.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE).



THE REAL TRIUMPH OF THE PRODUCTION OF "NARCISSE": Mlle. NIJINSKA AS THE CHIEF BACCHANTE.

The Bacchanalian dances of Mlle. Nijinska were the most arresting feature of "Narcisse," the new Russian ballet at Covent Garden. They seemed to embody the very spirit of Greek paganism.

Photograph by Bert.

people whose opinions are entitled to respect admired the affair greatly, and were enthusiastic over the theatricalities of the German professor. And "Œdipus" leads one to the still more



"LITTLE SYLVAN BEINGS": FAUNS IN "NARCISSE," THE NEW BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN.

"In a sylvan glade full of shadow and mystery," says the official programme of "Narcisse," "some little sylvan beings play and dance to the sound of a flute. They are put to flight by the arrival of some young Boeotians."—[Photograph by Bert.]

THE FALL OF THE HILL, AT LORD'S: ETON AND HARROW.



1. AT THE SIGN OF THE FLYING STUMP: E. W. WRIGLEY (HARROW) BOWLED BY J. H. AMORY.

2. THE VICTORS: ETON TAKING THE FIELD.

3. THE VANQUISHED: HARROW TAKING THE FIELD.

4. CAUGHT AT SQUARE LEG: G. WILSON (HARROW) c. DAVIES b. CHANCE. 5. CAUGHT NAYLOR, b. WIGAN: G. L. JACKSON (HARROW) OUT.

The Eton and Harrow match, played at Lord's last week, drew, as usual, a very large number of spectators, who included many well-known people. Interest in the fixture was not lessened by the fact that Eton went to it with a very considerable reputation, and Harrow with a good deal less to boast about. The first day's play ended with Harrow out for a total of 188, and Eton with a total of 332, with a wicket to fall. On the second day, Eton won by six wickets, as against the three wickets by which it won last year. The result was, Harrow 188 in the first innings, and 295 in the second innings; Eton, 340 in the first innings, and 144 (for 4 wickets) in the second innings.—[Photographs by C.N.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE epidemic of land-selling continues, and is difficult to diagnose. Lord Delamere, like the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Hyde, Lord Somers and Lord Stanhope, has spotted the Colonies, and puts his faith in distant acres and a population free of discontents. Last week he rid himself of outlying portions of his Cheshire estate to the value of forty thousand pounds, and feels the happier for the transaction. On the same day Lord Stradbroke disposed of Darsham; and on July 23 and three following days the Lilleshall estate will be lifted once and for all from the Duke of Sutherland's shoulders—broad shoulders, but oppressed by the burden of present and prospective taxation. The Duke consoles himself that he will always have some land left—at any rate as a syllable of his name! Nor are the month's sales confined to "the green earth." This week Lord Cranbrook's superfluous wines and books and

an experiment he made a year ago. A selection of the names of his guests for the week-end is not a little suggestive: Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Smith,

time-table better. It is said that the party lacked its most piquant element because, all the guests having assembled on a platform for the same train, one of the invited let the train depart without him. He noted the character of the party, and suddenly remembered that he wanted a box of matches.

A Dance with a Difference. Lady Cadogan's ball was a repetition of last year's success. Prince George of Greece, the orchids, and the date (within a day or two) were all the same; and the Granards, the Mar and Kellies, the Cravens, and dozens more met, as they met twelve months ago, upon the white marble stairs. But variety was not wanting. Lady Meux was there, new, at least in her name; and the German Ambassador, again present, presented a figure very different from that of the vanished Count Wolff Metternich; and Lord Anglésey, without whom, for the moment, no ball quite escapes the charge of being rather tame, was there



DAUGHTER OF A POPE'S PRIVY CHAMBERLAIN: MISS ETHELBURGA WATERTON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. STEPHEN SCROPE WAS FIXED TO TAKE PLACE AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL ON JULY 16.

Miss Waterton is the daughter of the late Mr. Edmund Waterton, of Deeping Waterton, Lincolnshire, who was Privy Chamberlain to Pope Pius IX. Mr. Stephen Scrope is the younger son of the late Mr. Simon Scrope, of Danby Hall, Middleham, Yorkshire.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, Lord and Lady Ashby St. Ledgers, Mr. and Mrs. Garvin, and Mr. Gosse. But if the Duke really wants battles fought at Blenheim he should manage his



AN HEIRESS MARRIED TO LORD IDDESLEIGH'S HEIR: VICOUNTESS ST. CYRES, FORMERLY MISS DOROTHY MORRISON.

The wedding of Viscount St. Cyres, only son of the Earl and Countess of Iddesleigh, and Miss Dorothy Morrison, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Alfred Morrison, of Font-hill House, Tisbury, took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on the 9th. The bride inherited part of the Morrison millions.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]

bronzes—and, indeed, the entire contents of Hemsted Park—come under the hammer.

The Enemy Within the Gate. "Daily mail it shall not be for me," said the Duke of Marlborough as soon as he was rid of his armour! With legs stiff, arms weary, and neck sore, he was grateful, however, to escape one ill associated with an impenetrable and crippling coat. A well-remembered picture in a *Punch* of long ago told of a knight's dilemma better than it may be told in words. Safe under steel was—a ravenous nea! Even the point of an enemy's lance were welcome under such circumstances, if only it scratched the right spot!

Dispatches and—Matches. The Duke of Marlborough, with a zest for conflict perhaps stimulated by an orgy of tilting, last week repeated



ONE WHOSE DIAL TELLS ONLY OF SUNNY HOURS: THE LITTLE PRINCESS ELISABETH OF BRAGANZA.

Little Princess Elisabeth of Braganza is the daughter of Prince Miguel, who three years ago married a beautiful American, Miss Anita Stewart. Princess Elisabeth was born in London on June 28, 1910.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN HAMILTON-GRACE, OF THE 13TH HUSSARS: MISS GLADYS S. GRACE.

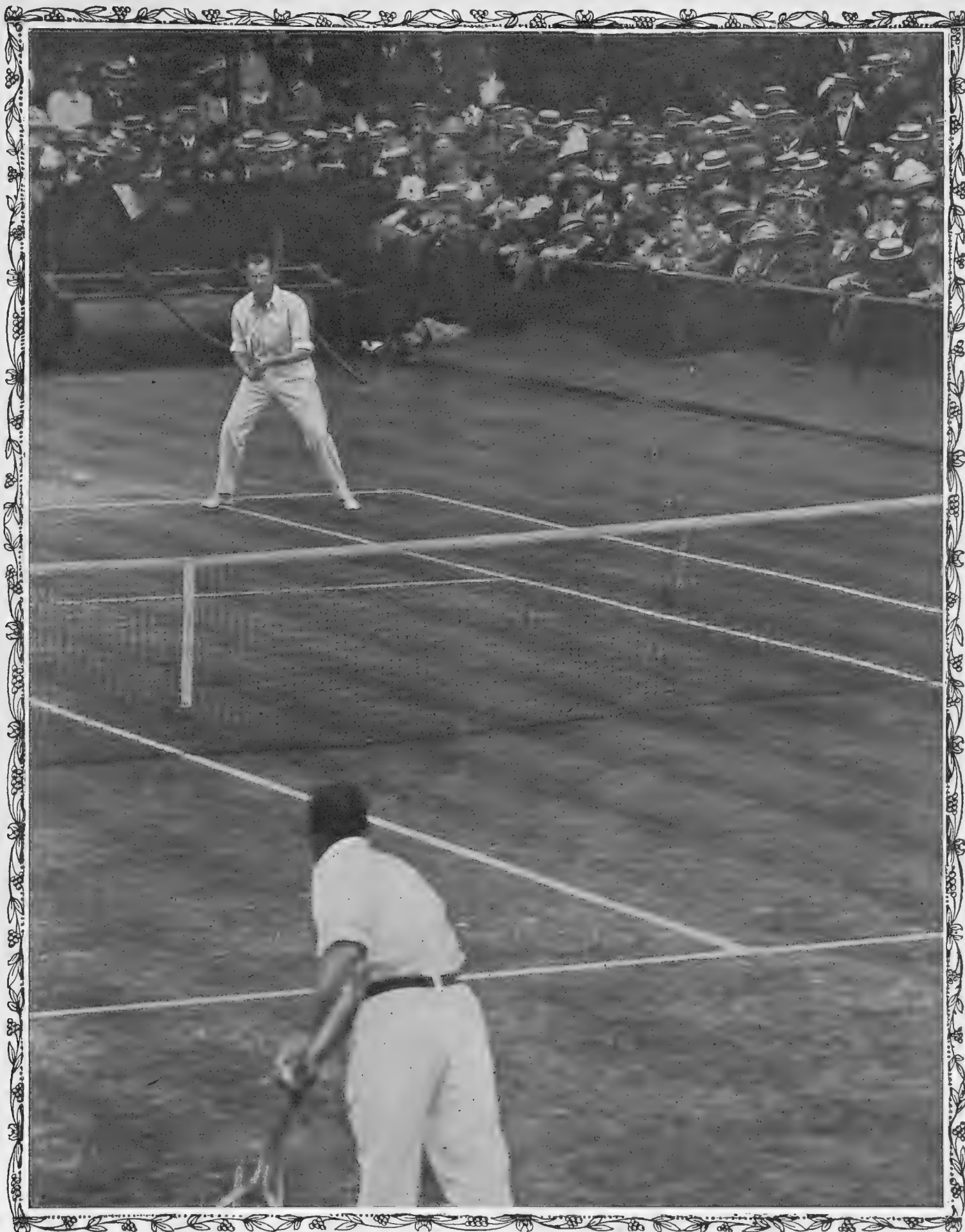
Miss Gladys S. Grace is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Grace, of Battle Abbey, and a sister of Lady Donoughmore. Captain Hamilton-Grace is the only son of Colonel Sheffield Hamilton-Grace, of Knole, Frant, Sussex. Miss Grace's father, Mr. Michael Paul Grace, formerly represented the Central American States at Lima, Peru.

Photograph by Walter Barnett.

"twice the man" as he put it, since his disengaged appearance in 1911. Such precedents are compelling; and, before the dancers went home the engagement of the Hon. Alex Cadogan and Lady Theodosia Acheson made the night one of news.

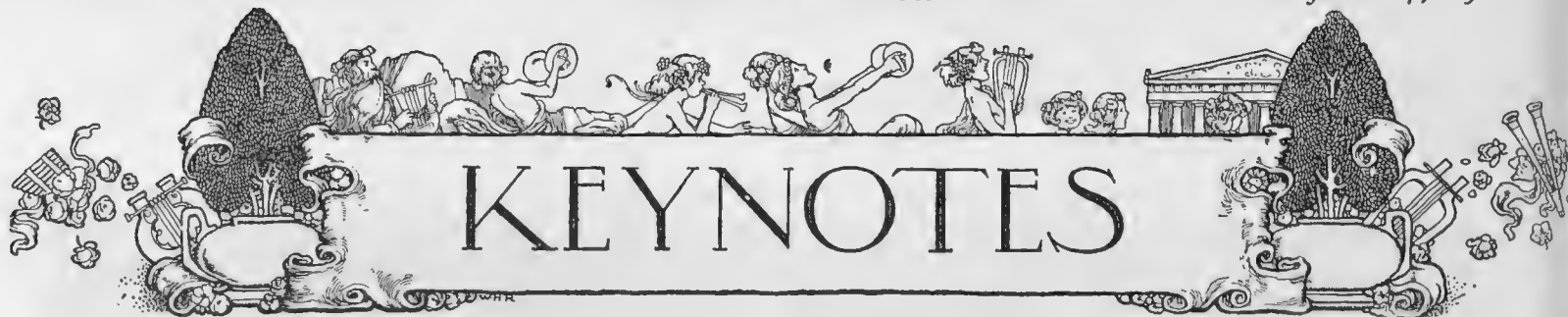
For the Present. The conventional wedding-present finds its way to the conventional bride, and a groom who has no special tastes—and perhaps doesn't smoke—discovers himself possessed of a dozen cigarette-cases by the time the last piece of tissue-paper is thrown into the waste-paper basket. But to Miss Viola Tree all sorts and conditions of gifts poured in, from Sir John and Lady Hare's antique inlaid screen to the Prime Minister's happy thought—Shakespeare's works! Sir Arthur and Lady Pinero's silver pheasant was a happy shot; and Mrs. Kendal's kneeling-cushion a good set-off to Sir Ernest Cassel's uplifting cheque.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAIT OF THE TENNIS CHAMPION.



THE CHALLENGE ROUND OF THE ALL-ENGLAND SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. A. F. WILDING, THE HOLDER (FACING THE CAMERA), BEATING MR. A. W. GORE, THE CHALLENGER, AT WIMBLEDON.

In the challenge round of the Singles in the All-England Championships, played at Wimbledon on the 8th, Mr. A. F. Wilding defeated Mr. A. W. Gore by three sets to one, the games being 6-4, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4. Thus Mr. Wilding becomes champion for the second year in succession. There was a great crowd to witness the game, in spite of the counter-attraction of the 'Varsity cricket match at Lord's. Mr. Gore, it will be remembered, had, in the finals, beaten M. Gobert, the French player who was greatly fancied for the championship.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



SIDELIGHTS ON NATIONAL OPERA.

THE question of the establishment of a national opera is once more agitating the minds of musicians. There are many rumours of attempts to bring into being a well-organised scheme for keeping an opera-house with English performances open at least six months in the year. The failure of past attempts has shown that the task is not easy, although the lapse of years should make it easier, as they have fostered the growth of possible operatic audiences. The last effort in the direction of obtaining support from the County Council, which was earnestly fostered by our leading composers, came nearer to realisation than most people imagined, and had very influential support in the Council itself.

It is as well, perhaps, to consider in what way it would be feasible, putting aside for the moment the debated question whether such an enterprise should be subsidised from the Imperial or the Municipal exchequer. The first essential is that the scheme should not be entered on unless it is backed by sufficient funds to keep it alive in the face of every possible disaster for at least five years. That is the shortest time in which either audiences or artists can be properly educated. The education of the audience is a question which should occupy the promoters of any such scheme very seriously. It should not be forgotten that while the Covent Garden public is surfeited with certain works of the older repertoire, there are thousands of opera-lovers to whom the stock operas of Bow Street are as a sealed book. We can-

opera over and over again. It has become almost a platitude to point out that what gives "Louise" such a hold on the public is the fact that the composer knows every device of the stage, and learnt it by playing in the orchestra of the Paris Opera. Any national opera should make it its duty to secure full representation of all schools of music in its repertoire—a duty which should be considered equal in importance with the fostering of national talent and the keeping abreast with the latest movements on the Continent. Indeed, the best way of creating a national school of opera is to let our composers and our public know what opera really is more thoroughly than they do now.

The next essential to success is spadework. At least half a year's preparation will be needed before the doors can be opened, and no attempt should be made to begin till, say, eight or ten operas are ready to be produced at any moment, and not only produced, but produced in a way worthy of a national enterprise—that is to say, thoroughly rehearsed and with adequate staging such as would not disgrace a first-class theatre.

In all such schemes the question of re-translated libretti has figured largely, and it is of very great importance. Some people say it does not matter, because in any case the singers can never be understood. There is a certain amount of force in that argument, it is true; but still it only touches half the point. A good libretto is, in a sense, more important to the singer than to the listener. A singer cannot sing well if he has to sing doggerel. The public, on the other hand, should have something to read which they can respect.

All these things seem to be self-evident, but it is strange how they have been neglected in the past by all who have had to do with opera in English.

One other very important thing remains, and that is the question of the supreme direction of the enterprise. It is not sufficient that it should be directed by eminent musicians whose motives are above suspicion, nor is it enough that the executive should contain men and women of cultured taste and genuine enthusiasm. There must be at the head of affairs men who have great experience of opera under all conditions and in all parts of the world, and men who know the London public. Incidentally, there is the question of giving to the rest of the kingdom the share which is its due in any enterprise which deserves to be called national, especially if the country outside London is called upon to assist. This could be done, of course, by a well-

devised scheme of performances in the chief provincial centres; but this is a thorny question, because of the danger of unfair competition with existing enterprises.

It is not possible in an article like this to do more than touch on the fringe of such a great subject and to indicate the lines on which discussion will have to be conducted. COMMON CHORD.



CREATOR OF A NEW RÔLE AT COVENT GARDEN: Mlle. TARQUINIA TARQUINI AS CONCHITA IN ZANDONAI'S OPERA.

In the name-part of "Conchita," Signor Zandonai's new opera recently produced at Covent Garden, Mlle. Tarquinia Tarquini made a great success. Her singing and her interpretation of the character of the whimsical heroine were among the principal features of the performance.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

not expect the public as a whole to appreciate modern works with any intelligence unless it knows by actual hearing something of the art of the earlier schools. To ask a music-lover who knows nothing of the later Wagner, or even of Verdi, to say nothing of Mozart, to listen wisely to Puccini, Humperdinck, or Debussy, is like asking a child straight from the sixth standard to read nothing except George Meredith or Swinburne. The truest friends of progressive art are not those who would expunge all that is old from the repertoire. Moreover, from the point of view of educating the artists, practice in singing earlier works is indispensable. It could easily be proved by dozens of examples that the best singers of modern operas are those who graduated in some such school. A young man or young woman straight from the class-room who starts with the Forge Scene of "Siegfried," the Closing Scene of "Götterdämmerung," or "The Children of Don," can never make an operatic career.

It is good, too, for our young composers that they should know from actual experience more about the older operas than they do. If they studied with more care and more respect the older operas, which, in spite of being musically out of date, have held the boards, they would avoid many of the pitfalls into which they stumble headlong. They would begin to realise what is meant by the sense of the theatre in music. It can be acquired only by those who hear



THE MISSING LETTER FOUND: MR. JAMES BLAKELEY AS LORD BLINKETT, AND MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS AS WILLY DE RIP, IN "A GUIDE TO PARIS," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Mr. James Blakeley, as the visitor for whom "A Guide to Paris" is provided in the person of Willy de Rip, fears he has lost what is even more important than a guide—that is, a letter of introduction to a Parisian beauty. Eventually Willy discovers it in Lord Blinkett's pocket.—[Photograph by Ellis and Walery]

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

THE NAKED EYE.



"But, Auntie, you're not going to bathe with your specs on?"

"My dear, I'll not take off another thing—it's positively indecent."

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



"AN ANNEX OF EUROPE": AFRICA—ON FOOT AND BICYCLE.

ON the title-page of their book* giving "an account of a journey on bicycles and on foot from Northern Rhodesia, past the Great Lakes, to Egypt," the authors and fellow-travellers, Messrs. Frank H. Melland and Edward H. Cholmeley, quote a saying of Captain Mahan, that "Africa, in relation to world-politics, is but an annex of Europe, geographically as well as, now, by pre-emption." Whatever it may be politically, however, Africa has a very distinct individuality in other respects, such as scenery, inhabitants, and native customs. The two friends who were using their leave in making this trip through the continent, after several years' residence in Rhodesia, have much to say on such matters.



A BEETLE THAT SINGS: THE FUKU MOUSHI, OR HAPPY BELL OF JAPAN.

Mud as a Bond of Matrimony. Marriage customs are always interesting, and those which the authors had occasion to study were no exception to the rule. Matrimony among the Wakwa tribe, for example, is a very complicated affair. "After the betrothal comes the regular present-giving, which varies from three to fifteen sheep. . . . On the eve of the wedding-day the young man takes a fowl to the girl's hut, and her parents bring her in crying: a dance then follows, after which the man leaves, returning at first cock-crow

on the following morning with his companions, and taking with him some earth and water, with the mud made of which the girl covers his neck and chest, and he does the same to her. Then they cover each other's bodies all over with the mud. Porridge and meat are then fetched, and he puts some in his fiancée's mouth, and her companions put some in his. About noon they wash." These are only the preliminaries; there are numerous other formalities to be gone through before the marriage ceremony is completed. Even then five days elapse before a man can really call his wife his own.

A Wakwa Bride's Progress of Presents.

This is how the happy pair spend the first five days of wedded bliss, after the formalities of marriage are completed. "Beer-drinking follows, and the bridegroom goes to his parents' hut, and gives [an] arrow to his own father. Then his relatives go to fetch the bride, who has a fowl given to her on leaving her parents' hut, and beads and other presents at every landmark or halting-place *en route* (i.e., on crossing a stream, or climbing a hill), and further presents on entering the bridegroom's hut, on receiving porridge, on undressing, and on lying down. All the bridesmaids and the bridegroom's young friends sleep in the hut that night. The next day the bride shows the presents to her parents, and then returns to her husband, keeping her head down and her eyes fixed on the ground for three days, so as to see no one. On the fourth day they return to their own parents' huts, and on the fifth day the bridegroom fetches firewood for his parents-in-law, and they give him porridge, just as was

done at his first proposal. He then returns to his own hut, followed by his wife, carrying porridge and meat. . . . They live together thenceforward as man and wife."

German Rule in Africa.

In the course of their travels the authors passed through German East Africa, and record their impressions of German officials and German methods of administration.

It is pleasant to find that they cultivated very friendly relations with some of these officials, and were treated with great hospitality and kindness. They consider that while the Germans have much to learn in colonisation and government from the British, who have greater experience, yet the British have also something to learn from the Germans. Of one German official, Herr Siegel, we read: "He was charmingly hospitable, genial, sympathetic, and we felt that we might have been talking to a colleague. . . . He showed the same broad-minded and intelligent grasp of international as of local questions, which charmed and impressed us, and made one feel that, with men of his type in the service, the conduct of affairs in German East Africa is in capable hands."

German Support of Women Rulers.

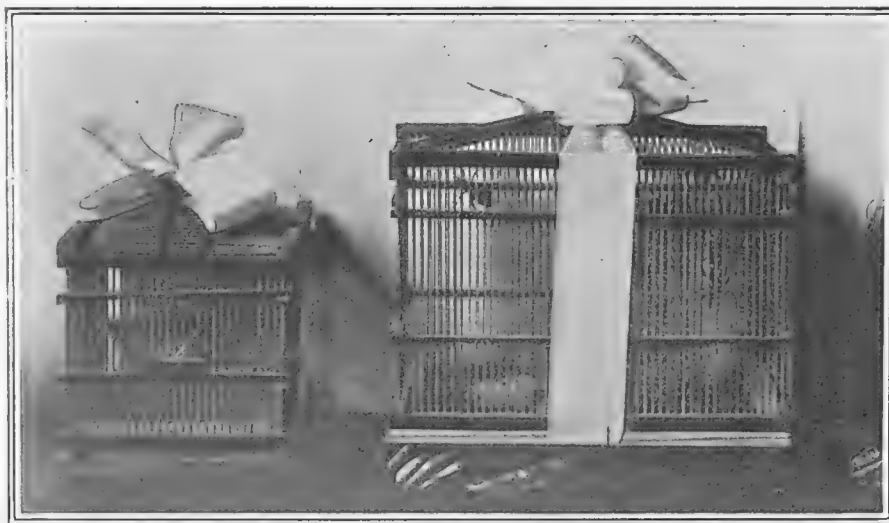
An interesting feature of German local policy is their custom of placing women in power, in succession to male chiefs who die or are removed, as being less likely to cause trouble. (This is not a policy

that would commend itself to Mr. Asquith!) One such female ruler was named Muchereka. Her predecessor had been "a chief who used to amuse himself by shooting the old men in his village, because, he said, the hawks were hungry. The German authorities got a bit tired of this and deposed him, placing him in a small village by himself. . . . Before long he managed to secure a firearm of some kind and shot the first old man who was rash enough to visit him. After this exploit he was arrested . . . and Muchereka was appointed in his stead." We have only touched briefly on one or two of the lighter incidents in a book that not only gives a detailed account of a long and fascinating journey, including some exciting elephant hunts,

but contains also much valuable information on the local affairs of the places visited, and on the wider questions connected with the opening-up of Africa and its political problems. It is a book which all who are interested in Africa will make a point of reading. The numerous photographs add greatly to its attractions.



A FUKU MOUSHI'S HOME: A CAGE FOR THE SINGING BEETLE.



CREEPY SUBSTITUTES FOR CANARIES: CAGES CONTAINING SEVERAL FUKU MOUSHI SINGING BEETLES.

The Fuku Moushi, or Happy Bell of Japan, as it is called, is a beetle said to possess such wonderful vocal powers that it has been adopted as a pet by many fashionable people in Japan, the Mikado himself and other members of the royal family taking much interest in it. The Fuku Moushi feeds on tomato, cucumber, and lettuce, and needs no water. After some years of crossing and careful breeding it has been brought to a high state of perfection. Little cages have been made for keeping these extremely novel pets, several of which can be seen inside the larger of the two cages here shown.—[Photographs by Fleet Agency.]

* "Through the Heart of Africa." By Frank H. Melland, F.R.G.S., etc., and Edward H. Cholmeley, F.R.A.I. (London: Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

A STALE JOKE.



PERTURBED DINER: What on earth is the matter with you, this evening, Waiter? First you give me the fish, and now you give me the soup.

WAITER (*confidentially*): Well, to tell the truth, Sir, it was 'igh time you 'ad that fish.

DRAWN BY MOON GOODMAN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE RIDDLE OF A SPHINX.

By HAROLD BLIND.

HE slept between the paws of the Sphinx by Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment. The garbage-tank *Vane Tempest* sloshed down stream on her journey to the sea, and I think it was the churn of her half-submerged screw that woke him. Anyway, I heard a husky voice asking me to buy a box of matches, and, turning, saw a frousty, white-haired, grey-bearded face thrust over the pedestal whereon the great emblem of Egypt crouched—and the huge, impassive countenance staring out above that of the old man struck one like a blow by its contrast. The beggar had watery blue eyes and held down a huge, gnarled hand with a small box of vestas in it. . . .

"Ho!" he said, after a while, "yer wants ter know why I takes up me perch atween the paws of this perishin' Spinx" (he omitted the "h") "do yer? Well, yes, I ain't seen no one else here, that's true.

"Well, I'm partial to Spinxes, I am. . . . There was a whackin' great beggar up the Nile—high up—beyond them stinking cataracts! Aye, there was!"

The old man mumbled and blinked his red-rimmed eyes—and suddenly I knew that here was a man who had faced the spears.

"Why am I partial to Spinxes? I'll tell yer! I come from a place down Guildford way, and when I was a lad, and kicking my heels at home doing nothing but eat and get the push from cow-keeping, a sergeant comes down from the depot and snaps me up—and he had a Spinx on his cap. Yes, guv'nor, you're right, I *wos* in the 2nd Foot! Kirke's Lambs! The old 1st Tangerines! The Royal West Surreys! Always 'Pristinæ virtootis memor'—mindful of its ancient bloomin' valour, as the C. O. used to say! Ah, you know the old depot, and the Surrey 'ills! Oh, Gawd!"

He sat up and patted the "Spinx" condescendingly.

"My word, I wonder if you've ever thought wot a marvellous thing it is that British regiments should be a-using this old geeser for a blinking crest! Aye, infantry of the perishing Line with this 'ere Spinx on their caps, just as if it were nothing! Throw a chest, guv'nor!"

"Wot? About that one up the Nile? Well, it was like this. It was when Lord Kitchener—Gawd bless 'im!—was mopping up the miking Mahdi for once and for all. I was a colour-sergeant. Oh, you may stare, but that was twelve—fifteen year ago; and a lot can happen in fifteen year, when you commute your pension and go on a wild-goose chase to find a Spinx in the Western Desert!"

"Mad? Eh? No, not a bit, guv'nor! If I was mad I should be reposin' in a palatial asylum, with lovely gardings, and banks of roses, and shaving lawns, and nice kind ladies, and men of my own calling to sit on my head, and regler meals, and hot baths—and—and all I've missed since I left the Service. I have tried to be off my napper, but they sees through it with a blighted hopsonic hindex or something. And I gets hauled up before a blue-nosed beak for fraudulently and feloniously entering Colney Hatch. There ain't no chance for a poor feller nowadays. But I rambles. About turn!"

"As I was a-saying, this 'ere Spinx lay in a rocky wady under a granite 'ill wot the Pharaohs had caused to be turned into a kind of rabbit-warren by them miserable Schnorrers before he wisely sent them packing. There was a village not far away, and a well, and a half sanded-up oasis. The poor people blessed our detachment after two days, for we dug out the well and turned them on to rigging wattle dykes to keep the sand out of the date-palms.

"One evening I went to have a look at the Spinx—for she reminded me of Guildford and the old battalion. She was a beauty—much better nor these here. She had a most marvellous smile

on her mug that seemed to come and go—whether intentional or a mere accident, I don't know. Her pedestal was sunk to within about three-foot-six of her paws, and blow me if I did not find a most lovely young woman a-squattin' between 'em. I had seen her about the village and admired her walk—and I thought I caught a glint of her eye on me through her veil. Well, I now sees her face and her figure, for she appeared to have peeled off about ten inches of wrapping, which she was using for a bed. I leaned on my rifle and stared (you don't go out walking with a swagger-stick in the enemy's country, oh, no!), and she stared back and drops her eyes and smiles—a housemaid I once picked up had done that, and so I goes to her and speaks; for I knows when you can and when you can't, with women. Seeing that I only knew enough Arabic to curse at fellah transport drivers, and that she knew never a word of English, we got along wonderful. I manages to fix an appointment for the next evening, and then goes back to the camp and finds the interpreter—a kind of mongrel whom we calls 'Colly-wobbles.'

"'Colly-wobbles,' I says, 'give me the local for 'I love you true,' 'Darling,' and, 'Meet me to-morrow at moonrise,' and 'I have never seen anyone so lovely as you,' and so forth. He grins and I acquire the sentences and told him that if he was coddling me, and they did not work, I would bash him to a jelly.

"Here I must explain the strategic situation, as it were. My company was holding this oasis to safeguard the flank of the army from a sudden raid by Fuzzy, who had a nasty habit of whooping up from nowhere several thousand strong. I had to kybosh an ice-creamo last night whilst arguing about his confrères' conduct of the Tripoli picnic; I told him—but I rambles. As you were!"

"Well, I meets the girl by the Spinx the next night and fires off my Arabic—and we sits between the paws of that there idol and sees the moon come up—she and I. Yes, and every night when I had done my duties we met; and I got struck so bad that I felt I never wanted to go away—never wanted to leave that lonely place—never wanted to go on soldiering nor to see the Surrey 'ills again. I got to be haunted by the idea that any day, or any hour, we might evacuate the village and go dusting across the desert until our tongues hung out. For I knew that I should leave everything that seemed to make life worth a button, by that Spinx. As a matter of fact, I got wind of the crash through my girl. One night she proposed to hide me in the old tombs: she said that she knew we should move next day, and she wanted me to desert and stay behind. I could easily have done so, because she would only have to spread the rumour that her kinsfolk had slit my throat—which was a risk I ran every minute. But she was the only kid of the Sheik, and went in for being a kind of sorceress, and communed with the stars, and the old-time devils by the Spinx, and was on no account to be disturbed—and to this day I do not know whether she was not a witch and cast her bloomin' spells on me. Women are rum things when they gets a fancy for a chap. When I refused flatly to mike off she fell all over me, and said she knew I would not, and that I was worthy of various fellers with long names who, I take it, were local heroes—one was called 'Rust 'em,' or 'Roost 'em,' or something. Then she kind of writhed about a bit, and finally burst into tears, and I could see she was having a fight about something. Then she flings herself into my arms and *tells*!"

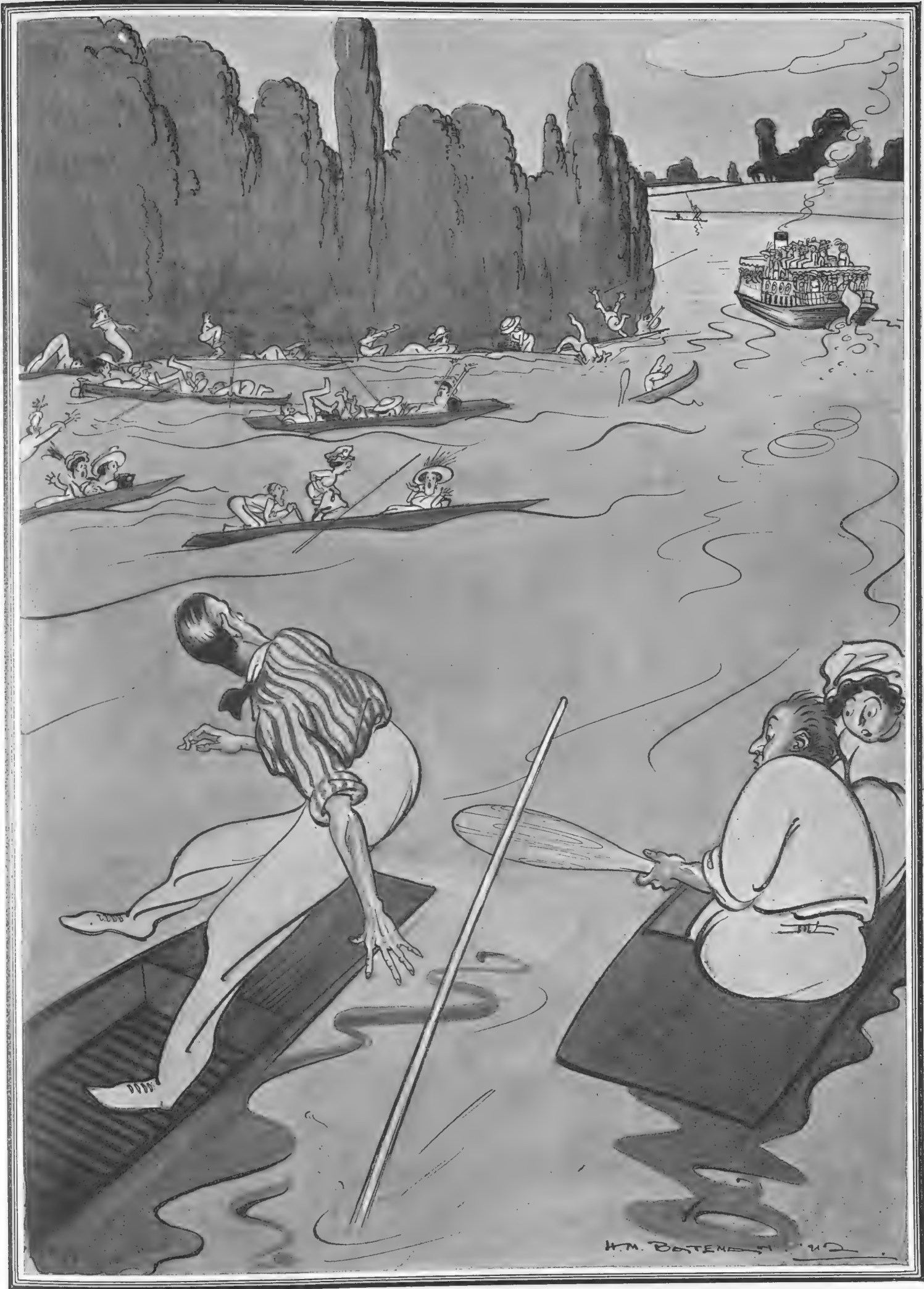
"I looks at the moon. I kisses her. I swears to come back some day—we swore by the Spinx and by our love. Oh, Lord!"

"Then all in a hurry I fairly gallops back to the entrenched camp and goes to Captain Winger's tent.

"'How do you know it?' says he, sharp, when I had done.

[Continued overleaf.]

“SWEET THAMES, FLOW SOFTLY.”



“THEY ALL COME OUT IN THE WASH.”

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

" 'I have got it from a woman,' says I, and turns away. He gets up and lays his hand on my shoulder.

" 'Colour-sergeant,' he says, 'serve out all the reserve ammunition. Send me Mr. Yardley and Mr. Chilver.'

" I wakes the subalterns and rouses the sergeants, and quietly we issued the cartridges; nothing was let out, but the men lay down again and said their prayers and looked up their wills and souvenirs. When you get that extra packet or two—you keep awake, worrying.

" So, when Fuzzy-Wuzzy come in the dimness before day, they found us waiting for 'em. Only a hundred odd of us all told—only a hundred waiting and listening and—hearing. But we was not raised for nothing, nor sent to garrison Tangier in the old days, nor called 'Kirke's Lambs,' nor given the Spinx to wear, nor been all, all over the blessed world for nix, a-fighting. No!

" 'Tell the men,' says Winger—tell 'em to remember the names on the colours. Let 'em yell Ghuznee and Corunna.'

" Then, all of a sudden, there was a rustling kind of heaving and rushing—and the earth fair shook to the beat of running feet and trampling hoofs, and the Fuzzies gave a most awful howl and came on blind and foaming, with rolling drums and waving banners, and a rattle of shots fired as they took flying leaps for our line of mud and sandbags.

" I told off a certain party at the den where I doss for sneering at soldiers. He was gassing, and I tells 'im—but I rambles. Change direction, right!

" Biff! The volleys by sections caved in their front, and down tumbled one or two mounted officers—down went some of the flags, and then up again as fresh Mullahs grabbed 'em. Biff! Biff! Biff! and then BIFF with magazine rapid. Steady, West Surreys. Steady, the Tangerines. Keep cool! They're breaking. Steady, my lads. Give 'em socks. Play up, men. Play up. Now for it. Shove, you beggars! Shove! Steady, or they'll smash you. Think of your beer, men. You'll never scoff another quart if you don't push hard. Hell!

" It was hand-to-hand, and suddenly we gave a heave and a lurch and another heave, and then we yelled and stood panting, and dripping with blood and sweat, whilst our pals and the wounded niggers bit our shins by numbers as they expired. We saw that the sun was up.

" The attack and the surprise had failed, and the Madhists were roaming round in great packs—thousands of 'em—and us reduced to peace strength!

" Then, suddenly, screams and howls, and we see the poor inhabitants of the village, men, women, and children, making a bolt for our little perimeter, and the great devils spearing of 'em right and left, and riding them down—and then masses of smoke as the huts blazed up. Some of the fugitives reached us—but I could not find my girl. I should have gone mad but that I had too much to do: Winger was badly cut and Yardley was killed. Young Chilver and me organised our defence—giving the arms of the dead and wounded to the whole villagers who had got to us. Our marksmen had worried the enemy until he drew off too far to be shot at with any chance of success—and then we counted the cartridges. The

sun was blazing and the flies was simply swarming. A sergeant was fanning 'em off a private called Broke—

" 'Never mind, Sergeant,' he says, 'They acts as a sunshade.' Well, I mustn't ramble. We were not attacked again, and the enemy must have been ordered off elsewhere, for at sunset there was not one to be seen. I took out a reconnoitring patrol; and still I could not find my girl. But next day, when we marched off that pestifying place, an old man comes to me an' mumbles—

" 'She will wait for thee at the Spinx. Come when it is Peace.'

" That evening we met a battalion of Gypsies who had been sent to relieve us, for the news of a large force of Fuzzies being our way had come in. 'Comparisons is hodious,' as Chilver used to say, but there was we, marching free and easy miles from any base, and with large forces of Arabs liable to whirl up—and we always held our own in the open.

" Well, after Omdurman I grew to have a hankering to go back to the oasis. I can't tell you why, or what it was. It seemed as though I was drawn there—and was always hungry-like. I thought that England would cure me, but the further I got from Egypt the worse grew the ache and the longing feeling, and I heard that woman calling me all the bally time. It got so bad that I jacked out of the Army, commuted my pension, and I'm jiggered if I did not go out to Egypt like a perishing gent of independent means, and swot along to that Spinx by the oasis. I tacked myself on to a sheik who was taking a caravan—he was a man I had had dealings with in the commissariat line.

" We did not get to the well until nightfall, and I went off alone to the Spinx. The village was gone—the war had swept it clean off the map. It was pretty creepy, but I carried a gun at the ready, and went on until I saw the loom of the great beast. It was just moonrise, and as the light ran, and flooded up, I saw that something was between the paws of the Spinx. I cried out and ran.

" Yes, she was there all right! Oh, Lord, Lord! it—it was dry as a twig—

" A light broke all inside me.

" 'Yes,' says I, 'you waited right enough!'

" And then—

" 'Steady the Tangerines!'

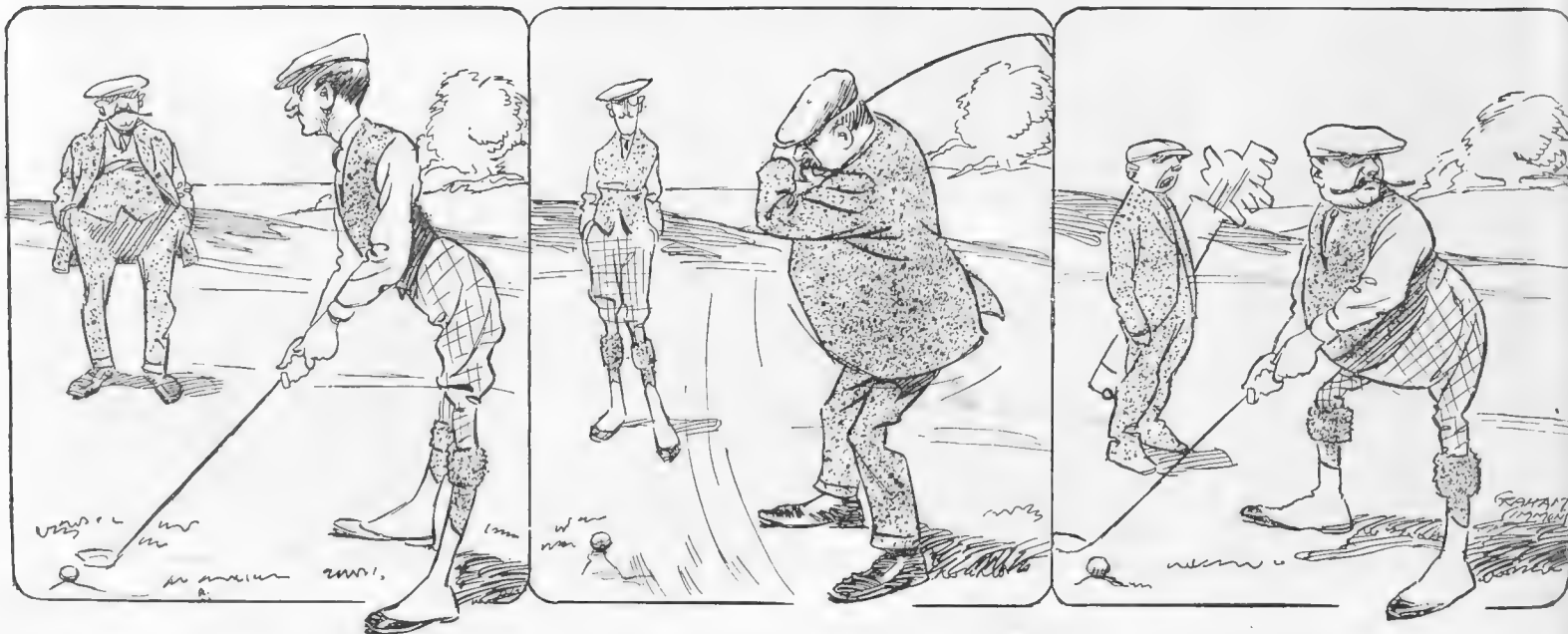
" And I turned about and marched back to the flickering fires.

" Well, I went on the bust in Port Said. I drifted back to London town. And now all I wants is to get a skiful and to come and sit here 'tween the paws of this 'ere Spinx and watch the old river sliding up and down, and sometimes, at night, I drops off, and the lights of the ads. all mix up, and I goes right back to the other Spinx, and she, my girl, and me, sees the moon rise over the jagged little 'ill. But I only dreams it 'ere.

" Wot? All that for me? You're—you're orl right! Lord, Lord! it seems so longergo! But this'll bring it nearer, mate. Ay, this'll bring it nearer!"

He slid from between the arms of the Sphinx and shuffled off eastwards.

THE END.

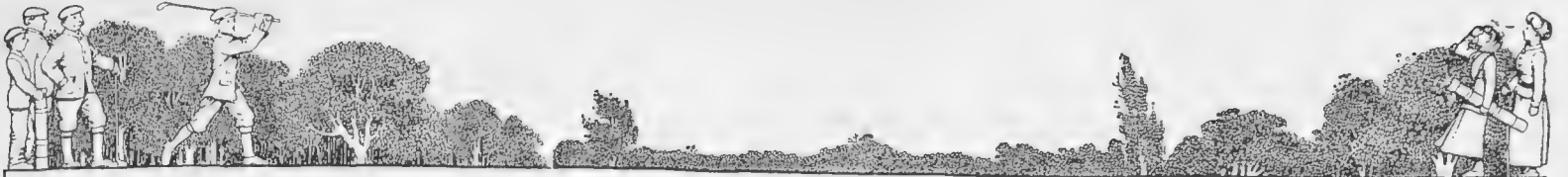


THE SCOFFER: I'm surprised at you, Brown, spending your time knocking that idiotic pellet about the country. Will I try one shot? Well, I don't mind, just to oblige.

THE SCOFFER (after missing half-a-dozen times): Hang the confounded thing! I will hit it!

THE SCOFFER (now a golfer): Fore!

DRAWN BY G. C. SIMMONS.



ON THE LINKS

A WINNER OF FIFTEEN CHAMPIONSHIPS: AND SOME GREAT FRENCH GOLFERS.

The Hon.
Michael Scott.

At this time of the year we add the names of new champions to the general list almost daily—sometimes, indeed, twice a day. Among the latest additions to the season's exalted rank are the Hon. Michael Scott, George Duncan, and Jean Gassiat, and three very interesting golfers they are. Mr. Scott gained his distinction at La Boulie, near Versailles, a few days ago, when he became the Amateur Champion of France. This was a good competition—it gets better every year—and there were many very good men playing in it. Therefore, it was no barren honour to achieve, and we may be glad that such a keen and persistent golfer as this son of Lord Eldon has won it. Mr. Scott used to spend his life in Australia, and, having won all the championships of the Commonwealth many times over, he came home for a little golf at the time of the Coronation last year, and has not gone back again, having, so far as I can make out, been playing the game ever since. As a golfing trio, the three brothers Scott make an interesting study. As they have appeared to me, Mr. Osmund certainly has the prettiest style, Mr. Denys is the dashing member, and Mr. Michael is the careful, precise, and contemplative

the way, counting those of Victoria and New South Wales, he won fourteen championships while he was out in Australia. This French one makes fifteen. Has anybody ever beaten or equalled that, I wonder? As to George Duncan, who won the Belgian affair at Knocke-sur-Mer, there is not much that is very new to say about him, except that he is a little better now than ever he was, and has improved his temperament to the point that his first Open Championship cannot much longer be delayed. But he and his peculiarities are known to the multitude, and we will pass on to Jean Gassiat, the new Open Champion of France, and a Frenchman himself, as not all the Open Champions of that most delightful country have been. As a matter of fact, Gassiat is the first Frenchman, after Arnaud Massy, to score any success in open competition against the best of British golfers. We had some warning of what was coming when he crept into the prize list for the first time at Muirfield. It was his marvellous putting on the last day at La Boulie that enabled him to beat Harry Vardon by a stroke; and the others, including the best, by more than a stroke. However, he makes a first-class French champion, and is quite the Frenchman



THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF GOLF IN BURMA: THE CLUB-HOUSE OF THE MINGALADON COURSE, NEAR RANGOON, RECLAIMED FROM JUNGLE.

Golf flourishes exceedingly in Burma. The Rangoon Golf Club, which has about 500 members, finding its 9-hole course at Rangoon inadequate, has laid out a new 18-hole course at Mingaladon, thirteen miles out, at a cost, to date, of about £10,000. It is expected to become one of the finest courses in the Far East. The club-house commands a fine view of the country round. There is also a large motor garage.



GOLF NEAR RANGOON, WITH A BURMESE GIRL AS CADDIE: APPROACHING THE 14TH (NURSERY) HOLE OF THE MINGALADON COURSE.



WHERE AHAB WOULD HAVE CERTAINLY BEEN BUNKERED: MR. JUSTICE ROBINSON DRIVING TO THE 12TH HOLE, NABOTH'S VINEYARD.

Describing the new Mingaladon course, the Managing Member, Mr. G. Ballance, writes: "No. 12 is one of the best holes on the course—the stream guards the left and front of the hole, and also punishes a badly sliced second shot. The 13th and 14th are placed on the south side of the stream; the 14th, requiring a particularly accurate approach, being guarded on the right and rear by bends of the stream." The holes are all picturesquely named, as follows: (1) Tanyingon. (2) Valley. (3) Sangyiwa. (4) Ridge. (5) Alps. (6) Sheba's Breasts. (7) Punchbowl. (8) Plateau. (9) Sandwich. (10) Elysium. (11) Mount. (12) Naboth's Vineyard. (13) Sinngu. (14) Nursery. (15) Short. (16) Island. (17) Grove. (18) Home.

golfing representative of the family. The first-named has once been in the final for the Amateur Championship; but if, with all his championships, Mr. Michael may not be considered to have got further than he already, one might say that he may do. When he is on his game he is wonderfully steady, is most exact in everything, and has the gift not only of very long but very straight driving.

Fifteen
Championships!

As an exhibitor of the game he grows on you, and at La Boulie I almost began to be fascinated by him as he reeled off the fours one after another with that definite regularity that is one of the peculiarities of the play by Open Champions. I am sure that he is far better than is generally realised—although of course, his golfing value is highly appraised—and that he is one of the very best hopes of our amateurdom at the present time. By



MAKING A GOLF COURSE OUT OF SCRUB JUNGLE: THE MINGALADON LINKS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

"The club," says Mr. Ballance, "now owns about 230 acres. The whole of the land was covered with thick scrub jungle, which had to be cleared." The laying of the course could only be done during the rains, from May to November, the ground at other times being too hard. It is also difficult to maintain. "During the monsoon," Mr. Ballance writes, "it is a gigantic task to keep the grass short enough for play." For the dry season, on the other hand, a water-supply to the greens had to be constructed.

in appearance—more so than Massy. He is tall, thin, has the Latin features and little black moustache, and he speaks in a treble voice that makes a suggestion of the falsetto. But for all this, he does his wonderful putting in an old-fashioned Scottish way with a wooden putter. I was much impressed with the golf that I saw in France, and all that I was told about it. M. François de Bellet, who is the only French player who has won the Amateur Championship of his country, makes an interesting study. He is the only amateur in all France who is better than scratch, being plus one at La Boulie; but I think that that fact is much against his further advancement, because he has no amateur of equal or superior merit to play against and pull out his game. It is dull work to be always playing with the same professionals.

HENRY LEACH.

AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES: JUDGES, HUMAN AND AUTOMATIC.



1. JUDGING ALMOST AS STRENUOUS AS RACING: THE FINAL OF THE 100 METRES AT STOCKHOLM, WON FOR AMERICA BY R. C. CRAIG.

3. AN ELECTRICAL STARTING DEVICE: THE STARTER WITH HIS PISTOL WHICH, WHEN FIRED, SETS IN MOTION THE STOP-WATCHES AT THE WINNING POST.

2. THE CAMERA AS AN INFALLIBLE UMPIRE, WITH ITS HUMAN COLLEAGUES: THE JUDGES' STAND IN THE STADIUM AT STOCKHOLM.

4. ELECTRICITY IN MODERN RACE-JUDGING: THE BREAKING OF THE TAPE THAT STOPS THE TIMING WATCHES AND CAUSES A SNAPSHOT PHOTOGRAPH TO BE TAKEN.

The judges at the Olympic Games at Stockholm have been criticised in some quarters as having made mistakes, though no one suggests for a moment that they have been unfair or partial. There has been some heart-burning among British athletes over certain decisions in the 100 metres, the fencing and wrestling, and the tug-of-war. In the latter event, however, the "Times" correspondent considers that the disqualification of the London police team was justified. With the new electrical devices in use at Stockholm it would seem almost impossible for any mistake to occur in judging flat races. The starter's pistol is attached to an electric wire, which, at the moment of firing, sets in motion the stop-watches at the winning post. The tape at the winning post is also connected with an electrical apparatus which, when the tape is broken, instantly causes the timing watches to stop and a photograph of the winner to be taken in order to corroborate the judges' decision.—[Photographs by Illus. Bureau and Sport and General.]



A £5,000,000 PROPOSITION; AND A NEW METAL.

Another Stick for the Motorist.

In the face of regulations restricting, or rather altogether forbidding, the use of cut-outs, and while questions are asked in the House as to the control of motor-signals, it is, to say the least of it, something of a surprise to find motorists in parts other than London being subjected to pretty heavy fines because they do not make row enough. For about the first time on record we have motorists charged before a Bench and fined pretty heavily for failing to give notice of their approach. At Malton, on the 6th inst., a batch of motorists, including a Norfolk medical man, three laymen, and two motor-cyclists, were mulcted in fines ranging from £1 to £2 for the above offence. The doctor and another offended at the same cross-roads, and while the doctor was fined £2 and 10s. costs, the other man got off with £1 and 4s. The seven summonses concerned, as to two of them, the cross-roads at Ganton, four the Knapton Corner, and one a corner at Scagglethorpe. But it would be interesting to know why the medico was mulcted in £2 when the layman, who presumably offended in the same manner and the same place, got off at half the money!

Is it the Beginning?

One wonders whether the case Knight and Kelbourne v. Messrs. Argylls, Ltd., which occupied the attention of Mr. Justice Neville for the whole of the first week in July, and judgment in which will be given after these paragraphs have gone to press—one wonders, I say, whether this case is the stormy petrel of many legal conflicts to rage over the various patents taken out for valveless engines. Is the motor industry, which has hitherto escaped the costly series of legal fights which marked the early days of the pneumatic tyre, now to find that its turn has come to enrich the lawyers? From time to time since 1896 the legal horizon has looked very black, but somehow or other the clouds have passed away, and no great *cause célèbre* remains as yet to chronicle. One or two fights there have been—notably the carburettor action, in which Sir Charles Friswell did such good work for the industry—but nothing to compare with the tyre actions forced upon the Dunlop Company. In this connection, however, it must be borne in mind that while everybody had to have pneumatic tyres, valveless engines are not a stark necessity to the modern automobile.

Five Millions for Cheap Petrol.

As we all know, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, but no knowledge at all is sometimes even more lamentable. Take, for instance, the gist of the letters now crowding the correspondence columns of the automobile Press on the vexed question of the present high price of petrol. From end to end it suggests a profound ignorance of the known conditions surrounding the world's petrol-supply. Many of these writers, rushing headlong into print, appear absolutely oblivious of the fact that all the profitably available sources of liquid fuel are in the hands of combines or trusts, who are practically in entire agreement as to the method of its handling and disposal. The suggestion that co-operative companies should be formed to purchase motor-spirit and sell it to the members of such associations at a margin of profit sufficient only to cover working

expenses, is futile in the face of the fact that the stuff must be purchased from the very people with whom the co-operative societies would be in competition. This matter has, I know, been most seriously considered by the special R.A.C. committee, who have come to the conclusion that the capital necessary to float an entirely independent undertaking would be £5,000,000 at least.

"Navaltum."

Notwithstanding its many shortcomings, automobilists and the automobile industry owe a great debt to aluminium, and considering what an eerie



AT HOME ALIKE IN AIR AND ON SEA: ONE OF THE NAVY HYDROPLANES AT THE SPITHEAD DISPLAY ON THE SURFACE FOR A FEW MOMENTS OFF SOUTHSEA BEACH.

During the wonderful Naval display at Spithead on July 9 before Members of Parliament, three Naval hydroplanes took part in the proceedings. Now cruising over the fleet and the forts, now scouting towards the Channel, now circling and vol-planing, or dropping dummy bombs—at one moment on a target moored on the surface of the water, at another between the lines of ships—their proceedings filled the legislators with amazement. There were three hydroplanes at work: two coming out from the new hangars at Eastney, and one rising from the deck of the battle-ship "London." One of these at one moment swooped down close over the surface like a sea-bird and dropped a written report to a ship's boat to the effect that she had, from aloft, sighted submarines under water advancing secretly to surprise the fleet—a display that came off in due course. At the same time another of the hydroplanes "wirelessly" the news to the flagship "Neptune." Our illustration shows one of the hydroplanes after having for a brief space descended to the surface close in front of Southsea Beach. In a very short time, however, she was off again, once more cruising overhead on business bent.—[Photograph by Critch.]

metal it is, it is just wonderful what the manufacturers make it do. From time to time the expectancy of the engineering world has been raised to a high poetic pitch by the announcement that now the perfect aluminium alloy has been discovered, and that steel would only be required for exceptional purposes. This cry has been raised so often in the last twenty years that the announcement of a new alloy with all the desired attributes will arouse but a faint interest until the metal has been tried and not found wanting. That this may be the case with "Navaltum," a new aluminium alloy, described in the *Car* of the 10th inst., all motorists and engineers will most devoutly pray. It is said to be as light as the original metal; cast, it possesses greater strength than the best gun-metal, with a ductility equal to malleable iron; rolled or drawn, its strength nearly equals that of mild steel, while it anneals like copper. So mote it be!

[Continued on a later page.]

THE WAY OF THE WYKEHAMIST: WINCHESTER "NOTIONS."

The Parent Stem of Eton.

Winchester College, which the King arranged to visit on Monday, the 15th, has welcomed many Sovereigns since, by Royal License and Papal Bull, it was founded by William of Wykeham, five and a quarter centuries ago. New buildings have been added to old, but the original structure remains as first it was, and some of the

customs, half as ancient as the fabric, linger unchanged. It is just possible that the College looks askance at the memory of Henry VI. Wykeham's was the first of our great Public Schools, and is the parent stem whence Eton College sprang. Had there been no Eton, Winchester might still be the foremost of our schools. But upon a day in 1441, Henry VI. played a sort of Pied Piper trick upon the school. He piped away Winchester's headmaster, Waynfleet, and half her scholars after him, and with these established Eton.

The Nursery of New College.

In fairness to New College, Oxford, which Wykeham founded, let it be admitted that Winchester was his second, and not his first, thought. First, he built at Oxford, then he deemed it well to have a nursery whence to draw his scholars, and Winchester was that nursery, at which there were to be a warden, ten fellows, three chaplains, three clerks, sixteen choristers, seventy scholars with a headmaster and usher. The scholars were to be

HEADMASTER OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE, WHICH THE KING AND QUEEN ARRANGED TO VISIT ON THE 15TH: MR. M. J. RENDALL.

To the gratification of all Wykehamists, the King and Queen arranged to pay a visit to the school on Monday the 15th, and to be received *ad Portas*, according to Winchester custom. Mr. Montague John Rendall succeeded Dr. Burge as headmaster last year. He is a son of the Rev. Henry Rendall, and was educated at Harrow and Trinity, Cambridge, where he was a distinguished classical scholar, and also got his blue for "Soccer." He became an assistant master at Winchester in 1887. His brother, Mr. Vernon Rendall, is editor of the "Athenæum."—[Photograph by Kay.]

not less than eight, and not more than twelve years of age; they were to be needy and poor. First, his own kin were to have preference, and these were to have the privilege of remaining at the College until twenty-five; all others being called upon to depart at the completion of their eighteenth year, except in the case of their names being on the roll of New College, when they were permitted to stay another year. A scholar passing from Winchester to New College had but to mark time, as it were; his degree followed without the trouble of passing harmful necessary examinations.

Stones and Straw for Beds.

Although the statutes provided for the inclusion of certain sons of the nobility, old William planned on lines more primitive than his general breadth of views would have suggested. There was but one large school-room for all the scholars, and it was made known that, albeit there was no fire in the room, all were kept warm "by the breath of the boys." The accommodation furnished for the boys out of school hours would greatly have shocked any fond mother of our own time. Nominally the boys had to lie hard upon bare stone floors littered with a little straw, and actually did so unless they could afford to lodge with one of the masters, or find rooms outside in the city. These latter were absolutely free from supervision; those that lodged with the masters assisted in a carefully devised breach of the statutes, which provided that masters should not receive boarders. But, so small was the scale of masters' remuneration that the evasion was more than pardonable; it was essential. Without the addition to stipends by means such as these, it would have been impossible, on the terms offered, to attract men of scholarship. Wykeham planned the first school not under priestly rule, and he seems to have fixed his scale of payment on the outgoings of the monastic establishment from which he here broke

away. There are still preserved the ancient wooden trenchers out of which former generations of Wykehamists ate their food. These would cause a strike within twenty-four hours in the most Spartan of casual wards of our day. But there might have been furnished the excuse that the trenchers were not invariably used. Fellows took their commons with their favoured pupils in their own chambers, and the poorer boys were left to fight for scraps in hall; where, owing to the tyranny of their elders, the weaker ones were not infrequently sent empty away.

"Tunding" and Other "Notions."

Wykeham was a godly man, but the inference is that he did not deem it imperative that his scholars should be cleanly men. A bath was unknown for centuries at Winchester, and the only means of washing at all were to be found at a couple of water-taps fixed out in the open, where, winter and summer, shivering pupils washed or resisted the temptation to wash, as the case may have been. It is rather to be suspected that those famous processional marches to St. Catherine's Hill, which it was the practice of all the scholars to make while the morning world was yet unsunned, included many a budding scholar as innocent of soap-and-water as of food. Customs peculiar to Winchester grew up about the old school, and a vocabulary all its own still distinguishes it. "Tunding" is a word peculiar to the school, which to-day happily possesses less sinister significance than in an age which old Wykehamists still remember, when it meant a brutal beating by a monitor for, *inter alia*, some technical breach of rules in games. But this vocabulary business was really an important feature of the raw Wykehamist's life. The Winchester system of fagging was as wanton as any to be found, but the newcomer was exempt for the first fortnight in order that he might make himself acquainted with the manners, customs, and lingo of the school. At the end of that time the neophyte was examined in his "notions." The trial led to a good deal of brutality and bullying, and became so serious a matter that when the light of publicity was let into it, this, with many other abuses, was abolished.

Winchester of To-day.

These abuses have been reformed out of existence, and to-day Winchester is an institution of which we are all proud. In spite of much in its ancient system that was hard and brutal and degrading, the old school has given us poets and prelates, law-makers and scholars, and the fine old spirit which makes an English Public School man distinguished in the best of company is loyally cultivated. It is suggested that Winchester was the school to which a Rajah once wrote desiring that his son should receive no exceptional treatment at the school on account of his exalted birth. The housemaster replied that there need be no fear on this score; that the boy already answered to the name of "Nigger," and among his intimates was commonly called "Coal-scuttle."



"CAPTAIN OF LORDS" AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE: MR. H. CRITCHLEY SALMONSON.

Almost as exalted as the office of headmaster, and in the eyes of the boys perhaps even more so, is that of Captain of Lords at Winchester—that is, captain of the school cricket club. The present "Captain of Lords" is Mr. H. Critchley Salmonson. In the match with Eton, which concluded at Winchester on the 4th, Winchester was beaten by an innings and 46 runs. Mr. Salmonson was not playing on that occasion, owing to his having broken his toe in the match against the Zingari the week before.—[Photograph by Miell and Miell.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Snobbish Young Men.

Some people think that Eton, Harrow, and the two great English 'Varsities are to blame for the snobbishness of a certain class of modern young man. There is no doubt that this particular kind of youth is much more impressed by wealth and titles, by glitter and show, than is his sister. The girl of the same position reads more, is more interested in politics, in "causes," in movements. She nearly always has some hobby which interests her, and seldom occupies herself in pushing about, or sets much store on being "seen" at this or that great house, of dancing with persons of high degree. The kind of youth I have in mind, rather amiable, somewhat vague, imitative, and shallow, is apt to leave Eton, still more to leave Oxford, a specimen of the Compleat Snob. He is positively hypnotised by persons in the Seats of the Mighty, and enjoys strange ecstasies in the society of peers or in the presence of Royalty. "Going out" is a ritual of which he never wearies. Like the sounds of battle to the war-horse, the tuning of an orchestra, the impressive tones of the butler "announcing" a marquis, the murmur of feminine voices at a party, fill him with the ardours of combat, the desire to enter the arena. Till July closes, our Compleat Snob may be seen in every drawing-room doorway, and both afternoon and evening are given up to orgies of tea and ices, to "routs" in every street from the Marble Arch to Pimlico. There are hostesses who declare, indeed, that he is indispensable, and that Society could not be carried on without him. It is certain that Society has invented, or at least encourages him, and while it has almost eliminated the feminine snob, is at no pains to mark its distaste for the masculine specimen.

The Cult of the Girl.

A great change of feeling has silently come about in the region of the nursery, and nowadays a girl seems every whit as welcome on her first appearance as a boy. Many parents, indeed, "set their hearts" on feminine babies, just as they used to be inordinately proud of their small sons. In good Victorian times the girl was at once made to feel the presumption of her venturing into this mundane sphere. Even her god-fathers and godmothers were usually not as important or as wealthy as those selected for her brother. She was made to take a back seat, to "fag" for the masculine tyrants of the nursery, and she had to put up with an inferior education, or no education at all, and was seldom equipped for the battle of life or given a dowry to marry upon. Moreover, she existed, in many families, in half-dozens. There were girls in whatever direction you looked. I have my mind on one family—wealthy and distinguished—in which there are nine bouncing daughters. Of these, only one has married, but recently another took the veil, so that there are now seven spinsters grouped about the family hearth. The modern parent does not produce daughters in baker's dozens, but is content with one or

two, who have an extraordinarily good time compared with that other generation which I have described. Made much of and her best points encouraged, the small girl of 1912 is an attractive creature, chiefly because she is allowed to be extremely natural. At any rate, she knows she is appreciated by her parents, for she has an amazing amount of care and thought bestowed on her education, her amusement, and her up-bringing.

"Tiresome Boys." The popularity of the Girl, among parents, is largely due to their not knowing what to do with their boys when they have them. Young male creatures are

voted "tiresome" because they are frightfully expensive to educate and to start in life, and because it is the exception, rather than the rule, for there to be any real love, confidence, and sympathy between an English boy and his parents. Yet these youngsters—who give their fathers and mothers so little of their society and companionship—cost, every one of them, several thousand pounds to educate and to embark on the adventure of Life. And this is not counting the debts and difficulties of all kinds which are involved in "going the pace"—a form of exercise which is first tolerated by parents and then severely blamed. Then, if the boy is to go into the Army, Navy, or Diplomacy, he must have an allowance; if he is to start in one of the Overseas Dominions he requires capital; if he goes to the Bar, or starts as a physician or an author, he must play a waiting, heart-breaking game. From the time the boy goes to his first school, aged eight or nine, his parents see little of him, and he seems more and more estranged as the years go on. He may become inordinately fond of his School, and devoted to his University, but he seldom has much affection to squander on his father and mother. Hence the growing unpopularity of the boy.

The One Who Never Has a Holiday.

When everyone is making plans for a summer outing which shall be free from cares and bothers, or at any rate from the bothers they are accustomed to, we must all behold with dismay the prospect of the mother of a family who, when she sets out, takes all her cares with her, and generally collects a few extra ones by the very fact of going away. I have seen a young mother, having her children, nurses, and governesses with

her, arrive in Switzerland on a salubrious mountain peak, only to succumb entirely and to lie on a sofa for a fortnight. And even this unfortunate lady was spared the bother of keeping house, which is the fate of all those who hire other people's country mansions, or who go into expensive apartments by the sea. It is safe to say that no man would set out on a holiday with the prospect in store of doing precisely the same kind of work which he had to do in all the other months. Mothers, indeed, should be carefully placed in comfortable inns or on board ship, or on inaccessible islands, there to recover at leisure from the anxieties of the rest of the year.



THREE CHARMING AFTERNOON GOWNS: CHARMEUSE, CRÊPE-DE-CHINE, AND MERCERISED LAWN.

The left-hand figure wears a rose-coloured charmeuse, covered with mousseline-de-soie of the same shade; the paniers tunic is made of figured mousseline-de-soie, the pattern being large roses. In the centre is seen a lemon-coloured crêpe-de-Chine gown; the narrow tunic, made of Venetian point lace, which also forms the corselet, is fastened into the waist with a narrow belt; a black moiré waistcoat finishes the costume. The gown on the right is in mercerised lawn; the bodice and half of the tunic are embroidered with large silk spots; the other half of the tunic is made of broderie Anglaise.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH," CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on July 24.

THE OUTLOOK.

THERE have been very few movements of any importance on the Stock Exchange last week; Consols created a new low record, and American Rails suffered rather a sharp relapse, but otherwise absolute lack of business has been the most noticeable feature.

New issues continue to make their appearance in spite of the fact that underwriters are full up and the public apathetic, and it is not surprising that, with one or two noticeable exceptions, the response has been very half-hearted.

Home Rails have been a weak market for a variety of reasons, although actual movements are unimportant. The developments of the Dock Strike do not encourage any belief in an early settlement, and in spite of statements to the contrary, the trade of the Port, and therefore of the country, is still suffering great inconvenience and delay. Another adverse factor is the probability that the Railways Bill will have to be postponed until next session, as the Bill in its present form would be of little benefit to the Companies.

SOME REDEEMABLE STOCKS.

The question of the depreciation of Consols, especially in relation to the capital of the small investor, has been dealt with of late in several of the daily papers, and in this connection the advantage of stocks which are redeemable at par at a fixed date cannot be over-emphasised. Below we give a few examples of Colonial Municipal securities which, although not trustee stocks, can be safely recommended—

		Redeemable in	Price	Yield
Calcutta Port 4 Per Cent.	..	1939	99	Full 4 per cent.
Melbourne 4	"	1915-1922	99	"
Montreal 3½	"	1942	90	£3 17 0
Durban 4	"	1944	98	4 1 6

No allowance has been made for the profit on redemption, which makes a considerable difference in some cases—for instance, in the case of the Montreal 3½ per Cents. the yield, if this is included, would work out at £4 5s.

FURNESS, WITHEY AND CO.

We drew attention to the prospects of this Company a few weeks ago, and although the quotation has not advanced very materially as yet, the accounts in respect of the year ending April 30 last fully justify the good opinion that we expressed. After £240,000 is set aside for depreciation, against £179,600 a year ago, the net profits amounted to £413,200. In view, probably, of the unsettled condition of affairs in the labour world, the directors have allocated £100,000 to the trades' contingency fund against half that sum so used in 1910-11, and £25,000 is added to the reserve for insurance, etc. A dividend of 5 per cent. is announced, and also a bonus of the same amount, making 10 per cent. in all, against 7½ per cent. last year, and £120,500 is carried forward.

That results such as these should have been obtained in spite of the Coal and Dock Strikes speaks very well for the management, and prospects, both for the Company proper and its new subsidiary, the British and Argentine Steam Navigation Company, are excellent. The Ordinary shares have risen to 29s., but we still think there is room for a further advance.

AN ATTRACTIVE YANKEE BOND.

The outlook for Yankees is anything but settled at present, and until the political excitement subsides it seems unlikely that any general advance will take place, but meanwhile, the market for American bonds is not affected to the same extent by such influences, and some of these securities are well worth the investor's attention. Among the high-yielding bonds, one of the most attractive is the 5 Per Cent. Gold Bond of the United Railways Investment Company. This Company owns the major portion of the Ordinary stock of the Philadelphia Company, a public utility Company which pays 7 per cent. dividends upon its Ordinary stock. The Gold Bonds are secured both on the assets of the Investment Company and also upon a deposit of Common stock of the Philadelphia Company, which has a market valuation to-day of about one-and-a-half times the total amount of the bond issue. These bonds are not quoted in London, but are officially quoted in New York and Philadelphia, where they can be bought at something below 90 per cent., and so give a yield of over 5½ per cent., without taking into consideration the fact that they are to be redeemed at par in fourteen years' time.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

July is not the month in which we expect to be busy; but that is no reason why we should not exercise our customary privilege of grumbling at the slackness of trade. Most of us have seen summer months in which there has been a boom in one market or another, the recollection of which

encourages us to hope for a repetition of the same sort of activity in the other years as well. The mere fact that we so seldom get it, however, serves to add poignancy to our pain.

A man whom I once knew was the most confirmed optimist I have ever met outside the pages of "Martin Chuzzlewit." When he was a bull of shares and they went down, he rejoiced because the contango rate came to less money than it would have done if they had gone up. If rates were light when he was a bear, he reflected on the good fortune of the bull who got his account arranged so cheaply. If a company in which he held shares passed its dividend, he said what a blessing it was that the staff should be saved so much work. You cannot argue with a man like this; you can only insist upon having a deposit if he opens a speculative account. He is just the sort of man one would expect to find advertising in a paper shares for sale or purchase at prices wide of the mark, for he would urge that to pay 15s. a week for advertisements in order to escape payment of commission to a Stock Exchange firm was an act of real charity towards any newspaper which studied its readers' interests far before its own.

A market was started the other day in the Common shares of the International Railways of Central America, and from 26 the price was run up to 30 within the course of a few hours. It was only a month or two ago that the Company made an issue of 5 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds; and, if I remember correctly, this came out under the auspices of Speyers'. The International Railways of Central America was formed eight years ago, under the name of the Guatemala Railway Company, for the purpose of constructing and acquiring railways in Central America, and it possesses various concessions in Guatemala and in Salvador enabling it to construct, acquire, and operate railways. The President is Minor C. Keith, of New York; and Sir William Van Horne, of the Canadian Pacific and Rio Tramways, is also on the Board. The earnings of the Company have increased in most remarkable fashion during the last three years, and it is expected that 1912 will prove a record, judging by the way in which the traffics for the first six months of the year are piling up. It seems to me that the speculative investor should go rather for the 5 Per Cent. Cumulative Participating Preferred shares than for the Common. The price of the former is 85½, at which the return on the money is just about 6 per cent. They have priority for capital, and participate with the Ordinary in any distribution after the Ordinary receive 5 per cent. They are, at their present stage, distinctly speculative. What you have to take chiefly into account is the fact that the railways are in Central America, subject, therefore, to natural phenomena, to racial militarism, and to all the other troubles incidental to companies operating in tropical parts of the world. Taking these into consideration, the buyer who looks for 6 per cent. and the chance of a rise in the price of his stock may do well to buy these Preferred shares, always remembering that he is not in a gilt-edged thing. They are certainly not the shares I should suggest for old ladies or clergymen, but they are useful for mixing in a well-selected box of speculative investments.

It may well be asked what on earth induced Messrs. Schröder to issue the 5½ Per Cent. Valparaiso Loan, bearing the Chilean Government guarantee, and redeemable at 105, at so low a price as 99. There seemed to be neither rhyme nor reason for the proceeding, and the remarkably rapid way in which the subscription lists were closed is suggestive of "somebody knowing something." There must have been some fine fat turns made out of it, for the Stock Exchange quickly established a premium of 5½ points on the scrip.

If you happen to be talking about the Insurance Act, mention this case. There is a newspaper-vendor in Throgmorton Street, whose age is sixty-eight, and who has to pay, I think it is fourpence a week, his employers also contributing threepence. In less than two years he will be entitled to the Old Age pension, and debarred from any benefit from his insurance money, all of which becomes—from his point of view—thrown away. Yet it is the law, and he must pay. Sounds rather absurd, don't you think?

On the other hand, there is a lot of cant and hypocrisy talked about the Act. You know men, I expect, as I do, spending three or four pounds a week on golf, and making no end of a fuss at having to pay a couple of shillings a week for insurance of their servants. A hastily conceived and badly-thought-out affair altogether it appears to many of us, who agree, however, with the principle. Daresay it will all shake down in course of time, but it's a great pity that this or any other Government should try, as the Yankees say, "to bite off more than they can chew."

Mr. Arthur Lampard's speech at the meeting of the Rubber Plantations Investment Trust will have been made by the time this appears in print, so there is not much use trying to make an intelligent forecast. Mr. Lampard, however, is a shrewd and a clever man, strongly streaked, of course, with hopefulness for rubber, but a sound guide withal, in that he studies statistics as to the manner born. His estimates are based upon a knowledge of the subject compared with which that of most rubber "experts" is elementary. For statistical work connected with rubber and rubber shares there are two men who, in my humble opinion, command our respect. One I have just mentioned; the other is the man who now writes the Rubber columns in *Truth*, whoever he may be.

Regarded from the merely Market standpoint, Rubber shares look good to sell on the lack of public interest and want of support. Nevertheless, the position of the Market for the raw stuff is declared by good authorities to be what they call sound: that is to say, the amount of rubber hung up by the Strike is not more than can be digested with ease by the prospective purchasers who have been hanging back for several weeks past in the confident anticipation of getting rubber very cheap when the Dock difficulties are over. Still, for speculative purposes, there doesn't look to be much scope for talent, either way, in the Rubber Market for several weeks to come.

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

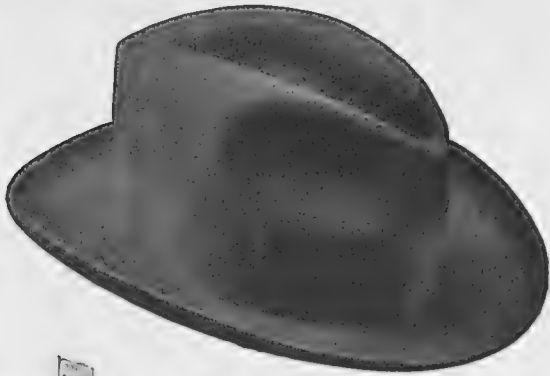
GUAYAQUIL AND QUITO 5 PER CENT. MORTGAGE BONDS.

The position of these bonds, in which we know that several of our readers are interested, appears to us to be considerably improved since we first called attention to them as a good speculative investment.

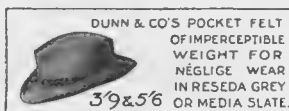
The Government of Ecuador has lately remitted £107,370 for the service of the prior lien and general bonds. Of this some £77,000 has been applied in payment of the four overdue coupons, and the coupon that fell due on July 2 on the prior lien bonds, and the

[Continued on page 64.]

Dunn & Co's SOFT FELT (SABLE) FINISH



REVEALS TO THE MAN OF TASTE JUST THAT MASTERLY TOUCH THAT IS SELF EVIDENCE OF A MASTER MIND IN QUALITY, SHADE AND FINISH, FORMING AN IDEAL HAT FOR 'IN BETWEEN' WEAR. OBTAINABLE AT ANY OF DUNN & CO'S NUMEROUS BRANCHES AND AGENCIES, OR SENT CAREFULLY PACKED ON RECEIPT OF SIZE, COLOUR REQUIRED, AND P.O. INCLUDING THREEPENCE EXTRA TO COVER POSTAGE 39. 56. 76. 10'6. 15'6 & 21'6



"There is a boom in Stereoscopic Photography"

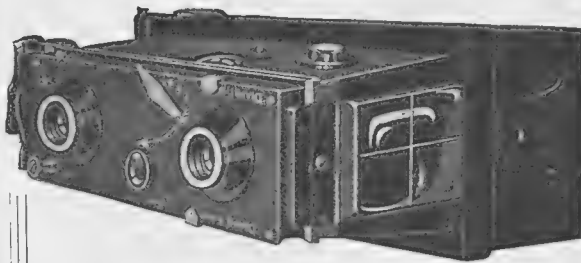
"Already the Stereoscopic picture" "is the fashion of the élite, and" "rapidly it is becoming the" "fashion of the multitude."

It is in these words that the Chief Photographic Expert of the *Amateur Photographer* speaks of this fascinating branch of photography

The Verascope

is, to-day, the most perfect and the most popular Stereoscopic Camera in the world. It is used by all the foremost photographers of this country and the Continent.

With it beautiful photographs in natural colours can be produced. It is so simple to manipulate that a child can learn in 10 minutes to take beautiful photographs



Call at Verascope House, and see the many beautiful pictures which only represent the results you can quickly learn to create

WRITE FOR LIST No. 4

JULES RICHARD

VERASCOPE HOUSE

27 New Bond Street, London

Your Barber doesn't use a scraping razor—Ask him *Why*.

If you scrape your face, what can you expect? It is sure to smart and burn, for your method is wrong.

You need a

"UNIVERSAL."

BEST—

because it succeeds where scrapers fail, for it cuts—not breaks—the beard close to the skin without pulling or irritating the face.

because the infinite superiority of its hollow ground, interchangeable blades, due to their extreme keenness and uniformly perfect temper, assures steady efficient service without the constant new blade outlay unavoidable with other razors.

because its self-regulating safety guard automatically assumes the same adjustment and smooths the way for the cutting stroke. Day after day the "Universal" gives the same safe, clean, comforting shave.

"Universal"

Price 10/6

Including Extra Blade.

Send for Razor Booklet.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK,
Room 2, 31, Bartholomew Close,
London, E.C.

CONVENIENCE

is but **one** of the features marking out "The Aster Way" as the most desirable method of country house electric lighting—the light is **always** available. And think of the other advantages; **Safe, clean light** which neither heats nor vitiates the air; **Economy**—proved by the fact that it costs but ½d. per hour to burn 60 10-c.p. lamps; **Simplicity**—any handyman can operate the plant.

—Write to-day for Booklet—
"Country House Electric Lighting."

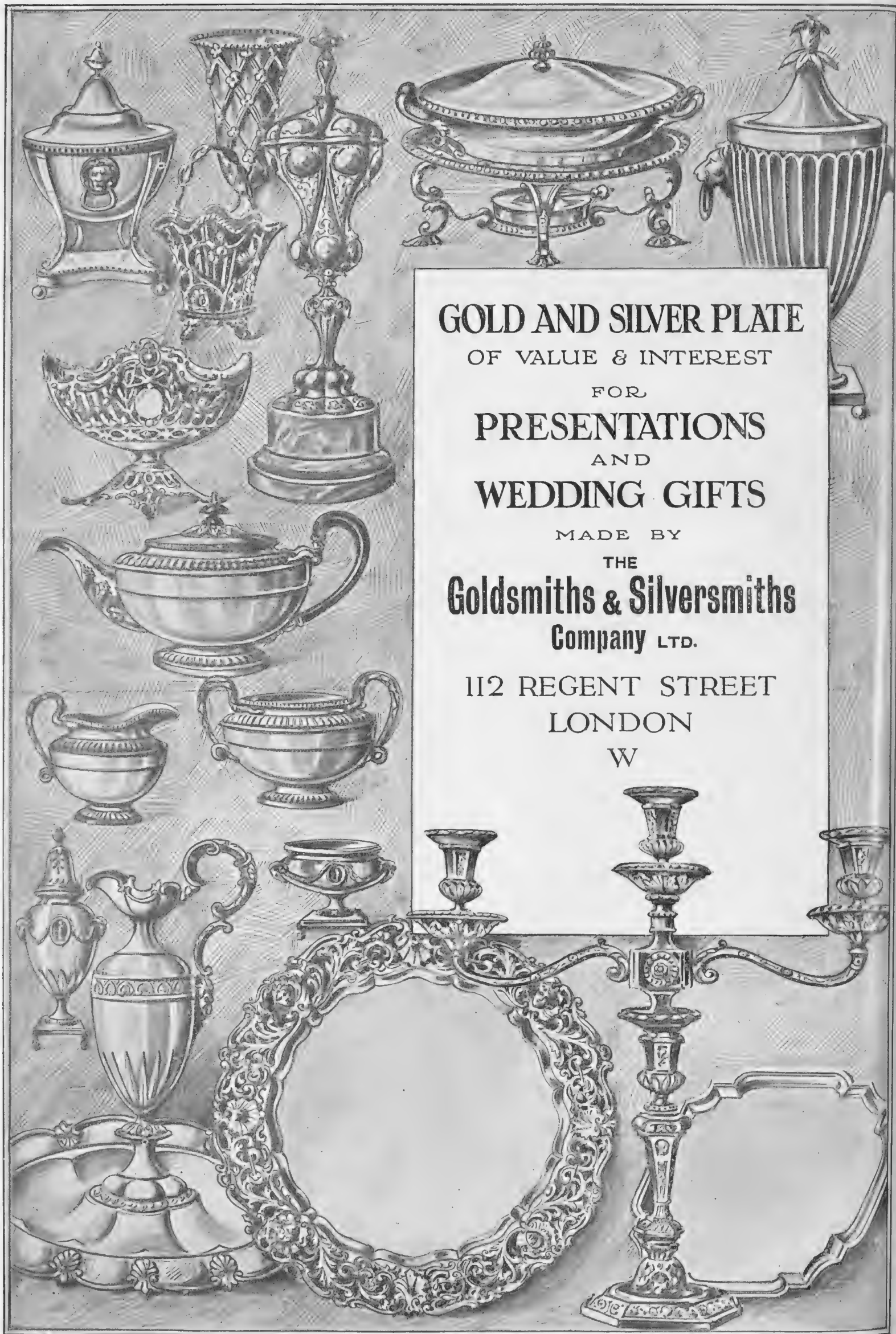
THE ASTER ENGINEERING CO., LTD.

WEMBLEY, MIDDLESEX.

ASTER

ELECTRIC LIGHTING

for COUNTRY HOUSES



BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY



The Connoisseur drinks **“BLACK & WHITE”** Scotch Whisky

For
DISINFECTING⁶⁶
ROOMS
USE ONLY

SANITAS FLUID⁹⁹

"SANITAS FLUID"

kills all
DISEASE GERMS
is fragrant,
non-poisonous,
and does not
stain.

1/- Pint Bottles
&
5/- per Gallon



THERE ARE "SANITAS" DISINFECTANTS OF ALL KINDS
AND FOR ALL PURPOSES
THE "SANITAS" CO. LTD. LONDON, E.

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD USE "SANITAS FLUID"

In preference to other Disinfectants

1. BECAUSE "SANITAS FLUID" is thoroughly efficient, and kills all disease-germs and infectious matter almost instantly by contact.
2. BECAUSE, in addition to its germicidal properties, "SANITAS FLUID" is the only disinfectant that also oxygenates and therefore purifies and vitalises the air.
3. BECAUSE "SANITAS FLUID" is the only *natural* disinfectant, and is pleasant and fragrant.
4. BECAUSE "SANITAS FLUID" does not stain linen.
5. BECAUSE, being non-poisonous, there is absolutely no danger of your children and servants being poisoned, even if they drink "SANITAS FLUID."
6. BECAUSE, as it does not stain, "SANITAS FLUID" may be sprayed about rooms and over bed-clothing and sheets without damage.
7. BECAUSE "SANITAS FLUID" is not sticky, corrosive, or evil-smelling.
8. BECAUSE "SANITAS FLUID" is a direct health agent, and, apart from its disinfectant action, assists the patient to get well again.
9. BECAUSE, knowing all these things, the medical faculty at large recommend "SANITAS FLUID" after practical trial extending over a third of a century.
10. BECAUSE you can absolutely avoid contracting an infectious sore throat by gargling "SANITAS FLUID" and warm water (1 to 2).
11. BECAUSE 'SANITAS FLUID' adds the most wholesome tone, purity, and fragrance to washing-water.
12. BECAUSE, used as a mouth and tooth wash after meals, "SANITAS FLUID" sweetens the breath, prevents *oral sepsis*, preserves the teeth, and prevents their discoloration.
13. BECAUSE wounds washed and dressed with 'SANITAS FLUID' (1 to 3 water) always rapidly heal.
14. BECAUSE "SANITAS FLUID" is the best deodorant known; it is the united breath of the ocean and the pine forest, and it instantly removes all unpleasant odours.
15. BECAUSE, used as a fob, "SANITAS FLUID" effectually prevents the bites of mosquitos, gnats, and other poisonous insects.
16. BECAUSE "SANITAS FLUID" acts like a charm as a restorative to tired and weary feet—a table-spoon to the footbath.

N.B.—For all other purposes, as, for example, the disinfection of linen, sewage, organic refuse, etc., "SANITAS BACTOX" (homogeneous), which is miscible with fresh water, or "SANITAS OKOL" (emulsion), miscible with brackish and sea-water, are the two strongest Coal-tar Disinfectants at present available, both having a disinfectant value 20 times that of pure Carbolic Acid by the Standardised B Typhosus Test.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

SCRUBB'S AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Softens Hard Water.

Price 1s. per Bottle.

Of all Grocers, Chemists, &c.

SCRUBB & CO., LTD., GUILDFORD ST., LAMBETH, LONDON, S.E.

Let us show you

If you have a dress which seems too soiled to be of any further use, let us show you how we can make it look new again.

If you are wondering whether your Knitted Coat can be restored to its original freshness without deterioration of shape or colour—let us show you.

If you fear the stains in your Silk Dust Coat or Summer Costume are too bad to be removed—let us show you.

If you have been told it is impossible to clean your Coat and Skirt without risk of shrinkage—that all ordinary methods would be ineffectual—let us show you.

Let us show you how we have gained the confidence and recommendation of Britain's most critical customers—how our reputation has been steadily increasing since the founder of our firm first introduced "Dry Cleaning" to this country thirty-five years ago.

We will collect free on receipt of your postcard, or address of nearest Branch or Agent will be sent post free on request.

Achille Serre Ltd.

(Nettoyage à sec)

Hackney Wick, London E. 'Phone 3710 East.

Head West End Office

263 Oxford St. London W. 'Phone 3971 Gerrard

Branches & Agencies everywhere



Handsomely Chased Solid Silver Tea and Coffee Service £35-0-0
Tea Pot, 2 pints, £11-15-0 Coffee Pot, 2 pints, £12-0-0
Sugar Bowl - £6-17-6 Cream Ewer - £4-7-6
Kettle with Stand and Lamp £18-0-0
Tray, length 24 inches - £40-0-0

Presentation Services

Stewart Dawson & Company's stock of Tea and Coffee Services in Modern and Original Designs, undoubtedly the choicest in London, contains also many fine examples of Old Reproductions in both Silver and Electro-Plate, an inspection of which is invited.

Beautiful Workmanship, Originality of Design, and the great price advantage, through buying and manufacturing for Ten Establishments, and selling for Cash, have made the Stewart Dawson Houses famous throughout the world.

If inconvenient to call, Selections of Articles can be forwarded on Approval at the Company's risk. Write for New List of Table Plate, post free.

Stewart Dawson & Company Ltd.

73, 75, 77, 79, 81 Regent Street, London, W.

CITY ESTABLISHMENT:

THE TREASURE HOUSE, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.

OF HISTORICAL INTEREST

much is centred in the old walled city of Chester, which many motorists include in the itinerary of their tours—their cars in the great majority of cases fitted with

DUNLOP

TYRES—THE ORIGINAL PNEUMATICS.

These, too, have a real historical interest, for Dunlops developed the pastime of cycling and made motoring possible.

The vital point, however, is that Dunlop tyres are, and have always been, better and more lasting than any of the countless imitations offered to the public.

May we post you the Dunlop tyre and wheel catalogue?

The Dunlop Tyre Co., Ltd., Aston Cross,
Birmingham, & 14, Regent St., London, S.W.
Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.
Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.



CHESTER

B.S.A.

"EVERYTHING THAT THE NAME IMPLIES."

AS an example of the wonderful power of the engine, the car's behaviour on the hill leading out of Hartford Bridge on the main London-Basingstoke road may be cited. The hill starts in the village, and for over half a mile rises with a gradient of 1 in 18. This was taken on top gear, and the speed of the car never fell below eighteen miles per hour, although at the foot of the hill the speed of the car could not exceed ten miles per hour owing to the village. The car, moreover, was well loaded, since there were, as was stated earlier in this article, three passengers and a considerable quantity of luggage aboard.

In conclusion, we may say that the new B.S.A. car impressed us most favourably. Above all things, there is the extraordinary flexibility and perfect silence of the new Daimler sliding-sleeve engine. This engine, from the point of view of the owner-driver (and of these this car should have many) has a still more important claim, namely, that it is very easily kept clean, and, beyond pouring oil into the base-chamber every 500 miles, requires absolutely no attention.

The above is extracted from an article published in the "Car Illustrated."

SEND FOR CATALOGUES.

THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS CO., LTD.,
Motor Department, SPARKBROOK, BIRMINGHAM.



THIS is an illustration of part of the erecting shop of the Daimler Company's Coventry Works. The length of this shop is over a quarter of a mile, and it is equipped with all the very latest labour-saving appliances.

Everything that will help to make the Daimler car the better car is to be found in this shop. Everything that modern engineering practice demands is herein installed. The Daimler Company keeps well ahead of the times; that is why the Daimler car is so far in front of its competitors.

Daimler

The DAIMLER Company, Ltd., Coventry.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

IMPERIAL & FOREIGN CORPORATION, LTD.

Directors.

The Right Hon. LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, K.T., G.C.M.G., *Chairman.*

The Right Hon. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

J. D. ALEXANDER.

IAN HEATHCOAT AMORY, J.P.

G. BENENSON.

A. H. S. CRIPPS.

J. S. HARMOOD BANNER, M.P.

E. FONTAINE DE LAVELEYE.

H. RIMINGTON WILSON.

HERBERT GUEDALLA, *Managing Director.*

Bankers.

LLOYDS BANK, LIMITED.

COUTTS AND CO.

THE BANK OF SCOTLAND.

BOULTON BROTHERS AND CO.

REPORT

Of the Directors to be presented to the Shareholders at the Ordinary General Meeting to be held at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, in the City of London, on Friday, the Nineteenth day of July, 1912, at Twelve o'clock, noon.

The Directors submit herewith Balance Sheet as at June 30, 1912, together with Revenue Account for the period from May 18, 1911, to June 30, 1912.

The Income from Investments, Commissions, etc., amounted to £106,658 10s. 9d., and after meeting expenses of administration there is a balance to the credit of Revenue Account of £91,127 18s. 5d. The Directors have decided to write off the whole of the Preliminary Expenses of the Corporation, viz.:—£27,957 12 6 and they recommend that the balance should be appropriated as follows:—

Interim Dividend at rate of 5 per cent. per annum to December 31, 1911 (subject to Income Tax) ..	21,663	11	6
Dividend on Preference Shares to June 30, 1912 (subject to Income Tax)	11,250	0	0
Dividend on Ordinary Shares to June 30, 1912, at rate of 7½ per cent. per annum (subject to Income Tax)	18,750	0	0
Balance carried forward	11,506	14	5
	<u>£91,127</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>5</u>

Nothing has been included in the above profits on account of the Corporation's investment in the Russian and English Bank, owing to the fact that the accounts for the first financial year at the Bank will be taken as at December 31 next.

In the opinion of the Board the Investments of the Corporation exceed in value the price at which they are taken in the Balance Sheet.

In accordance with the Articles of Association, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Mr. J. D. Alexander, and Mr. G. Benenson retire from office by rotation, and, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.

The Auditors, Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co., who retire, also offer themselves for re-election.

By Order of the Board,

HAROLD E. CARTER,

Secretary.

LONDON, July 10, 1912.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN CORPORATION, LIMITED.

Dr.

BALANCE SHEET, June 30, 1912.

Cr.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Capital Authorised and Issued—						
500,000 4½ per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, fully paid ..	500,000	0	0			
500,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, fully paid	500,000	0	0			
				1,000,000	0	0
„ Sundry Creditors				4,002	13	0
„ Liability in respect of Instalments payable and calls made but not yet due (<i>per contra</i>)				5,136	5	0
„ Revenue Account—						
Balance as below	£91,127	18	5			
Less Interim Dividend paid						
Jan. 15, 1912	£21,663	11	6			
Preliminary Expenses written off	27,957	12	6			
	<u>49,621</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>0</u>			
				41,506	14	5
	<u>£1,050,645</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>5</u>			

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Investments, including holding in Russian and English Bank				674,559	10	0
„ Office Furniture and Fittings	1,578	7	3			
Less Depreciation	157	16	8			
				1,420	10	7
„ Sundry Debtors				4,258	0	0
„ Instalments payable and calls made but not yet due (<i>per contra</i>)				5,136	5	0
„ Advances and Short Loans against Security				161,500	0	0
„ Cash at Bankers, on Deposit, and in hand				203,771	6	10
				<u>£1,050,645</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>5</u>

Dr.

REVENUE ACCOUNT for the period from May 18, 1911, to June 30, 1912.

Cr.

	£	s.	d.
To Rent, Office and General Expenses, Salaries (including Managing Director's Remuneration) &c., less amounts received from other Companies	6,973	0	3
„ Directors' Remuneration	5,320	9	3
„ Income Tax paid and reserved	3,079	6	2
„ Depreciation of Office Furniture	157	16	8
„ Balance	91,127	18	5
	<u>£106,658</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>9</u>

	£	s.	d.
By Commissions, Interest, &c., less amount written off investments	106,563	6	9
„ Transfer Fees	95	4	0
	<u>£106,658</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>9</u>

To the Shareholders of the

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN CORPORATION, LIMITED.

We have audited the above Balance Sheet dated June 30, 1912, and have obtained all the information and explanations we have required.

The Securities which have published values on the London Stock Exchange are taken at the middle prices of June 29, 1912, aggregating £223,879 2s. The remaining investments amounting to £450,680 8s. are taken at cost.

With these remarks, the above Balance Sheet is in our opinion properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Corporation's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the books of the Corporation.

DELOITTE, PLENDER, GRIFFITHS and CO.,

Chartered Accountants. } *Auditors.*

5, LONDON WALL BUILDINGS, E.C.

July 10, 1912.

BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, *Chairman.*

HERBERT GUEDALLA, *Managing Director.*

July 10, 1912.

A Chance for the Children.

PRIZES FOR SAND BUILDING On the Beach.

The Proprietors of

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

offer the following Prizes:

1st PRIZE, 2nd PRIZE, 3rd PRIZE,
£5. 5s. £2. 2s. £1. 1s.

and 10 Prizes of 10s. 6d. each,

for Photographs of the best Models in sand of

- (1) Original suggestions for an advertisement of their well-known Soap; or of
- (2) Any of their present advertisements—pictorial or otherwise.

Each model must display in a prominent position a tablet, or box of **WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP**, and the proprietors reserve to themselves the right of purchasing any photographs for the purposes of reproduction. It should be understood that no importance will be attached to the quality of the actual photograph—it is the work on the sands which will count.

Each Photograph must bear on the back the name of the place at which it was taken and the date, as well as the name, address and age of the child who did the modelling, and must be sent addressed "**Sands,**" Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 66-68, Park Street, Southwark, S.E., to arrive not later than **September 30th.**

Any competitor who desires the photograph to be returned must enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the purpose.

In awarding the Prizes, the Advertising Manager's decision will be final, and the result will be advertised in the "**Daily Mail,**" of October 22.



THE WORLD-FAMED ANGELUS

GRAND & UPRIGHT PLAYER-PIANOS

As Supplied to His Late Majesty King Edward VII.

When listening to a great Pianist playing some great composition you are impressed by three things: the musician's perfect command of all the resources of the keyboard, his sympathetic touch, and the individuality he is able to impart to the music. Try to realise how delightful it is to be able to bring such a complete command and individuality to the Piano.

Each of these great gifts is yours when you possess an Angelus—the wonderful control of all the resources of the Piano, the sympathetic touch upon the keys, the note of individuality. They are achieved largely by the marvellous and unique patented Angelus Expression Devices, the **Melodant, Phrasing Lever,** and the **Artistyle,** without which the greatest musicians have admitted that a musical rendering of all music is impossible.

The Angelus Player-Pianos comprise Grand and Upright Pianos of the most artistic character, and include the famous **Brinsmead,** the superb **Marshall and Rose, Knabe, Emerson, Winkelmann, Squire,** etc. These makes of Pianos have been carefully selected on account of their beauty of tone, perfect touch, and durability.

You are invited to call and hear the Angelus, or write for illustrated Catalogue No. 4 of the latest models.



Herbert Marshall & Sons Ltd
Dept. 4, Angelus Hall, Regent House,
233, Regent Street, London, W.



FOR
LADIES TRAVELLING.
& MOTORING,

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

IS INVALUABLE.

It is most **Cooling, Soothing** and Refreshing to all exposed to the Hot Sun and Dust, preserves the **SKIN** from all Irritation, Stings of Mosquitoes and other insects for which it is a complete cure. Prevents **Freckles, Sunburn, Tan** and all cutaneous disfigurements, and makes the Skin beautifully **Soft and Smooth.**

Sold in 2/3 & 4/6 bottles by Stores, Chemists and
ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden,
London.



CAKE BASKETS

of

EXQUISITE DESIGN.



19494

Oval, Pierced,
Richly Chased Tulip Border.
Sterling Silver Elkington Plate
£9 9 0 £3 5 0



23549

Oval, Bar Pierced,
Scroll Mounts.

Elkington Plate
Large size ... £2 10 0
Small size ... £2 0 0



23549

Round, Fluted.
Elkington Plate
£1 1 0



23517

Round, Richly Pierced and Chased,
Sterling Silver
£8 8 0



23569

Oval, Husk Border,
Sterling Silver
£8 8 0

ELKINGTON & CO., LTD.

Jewellers to
H.M. the Queen.

By Special Appointment to
H.M. the King.

Jewellers to H.M.
Queen Alexandra.

JEWELLERS, SILVERSMITHS, GOLDSMITHS, BRONZISTS.

LONDON: 22, REGENT ST., S.W.; 73, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

Birmingham: Liverpool: Manchester: Newcastle-on-Tyne: Glasgow:
Newhall St. 27/9, Lord St. 50, King St. 32/4, Northumberland St. 34, Buchanan St.

Melanyl

Marking Ink

OF ALL STATIONERS, CHEMISTS & STORES
NEW METALLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE
NICKEL LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH 1/- SIZE
COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD
7 & 9 ST BRIDE STREET
LONDON E.C.
6/- & 1/- BOTTLES

"A Test of Tyres."

Great excitement was shown by the spectators when Boillot took the lead. The snipers followed when V. ... up near ...

THE CONTINENTAL TYRE & RUBBER CO. (GREAT BRITAIN), LTD.,
THURLOE PLACE, LONDON, S.W.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Air Trespass.

The decision of the Civil Tribunal of Paris in a case brought against M. Maurice Farman for trespass by aeroplane, though it cannot affect the legal aspect of the matter in this country, will nevertheless be awaited with interest. It is presumable that the owner of the surface of a plot of ground, so long as mining rights are not reserved, owns that area—a diminishing one, of course—right down to the centre of the earth, and upwards equally to the blue empyrean. Anyway, the Post Office people may not carry their wires over your back garden without permission, and so presumably an airman should not be able to fly over the same space without obtaining leave. There is no likelihood of trouble about wayleaves just yet, but as aeroplanes become more numerous and are more generally used to cross crowded places, exception is certain to be taken to the noisy exhausts of the engines as at present used. The L.G.B., or whatever Government Department acquires the control of aerial locomotion, will have to make their cut-out prohibition apply to Gnome engines and the like. At present the Maxim-like reports are welcome as notifying the presence of an interesting sight; but other times are coming.

A Petrol-Storage Tip.

In view of the shortage of petrol which may obtain by reason of strikes and other things, the private car-owner has been reminded of late that the regulations with regard to the storage of motor-spirit permit him to keep the approved sixty gallons in closed and sealed vessels so long as the containing building is removed twenty feet from any other building. It is more than probable that many motorists who cannot isolate their spirit in this way may be deterred from keeping a stock as advised. But if they possess anything in the shape of an outhouse, though it may abut against other buildings, they should advise their local authority of their intention to store the permitted quantity of petrol in order that an inspector may be deputed to make an examination and advise that permission be granted or not. I offer this advice, as several cases of the kind have lately come under my notice, and the storage has been permitted without demur.

A Disappointing Scratching.

It is to be regretted that the team race suggested for last Saturday at Brooklands by the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club for cars which had competed in the Coupe de l'Auto, or which were reserve cars for that race, should have fallen through. I foreshadowed this

event in my notes of last week, and suggested that those who were unfortunately unable to cross the Channel for the Grand Prix might make themselves some amends by attending Brooklands. Certainly the event at Weybridge would only have been over some eight-and-a-half miles, but the Brooklands Club had offered £100 in cash, and the *Autocar* a cup for the first car home. As the race was over a comparatively short distance, it would have formed an interesting comparison between running on the track and on the road. The value of Brooklands as a training-ground for English cars has been proved to the hilt by the triumph of the three Sunbeams, and it is probable that the other English cars would have performed better had they done more gruelling work round the big cement track.

To All who Go Abroad.

Whether it is the wander instinct which is so deep-seated in the personal economy of every Englishman, or police persecution in addition to extortionate hotel charges that is driving holiday-making motorists out of this country in ever-increasing numbers year by year it is hard to say. Probably a dash of each, for it is a fact undeniable, and one that has obliged the Automobile Association and Motor Union to publish a Foreign Handbook in separate form. And, like everything that is taken in hand by the A.A., this book is well done in every particular. I cannot recall any work of the kind where so much necessary and valuable information has been so clearly put and so cleverly condensed. In lieu of a mass of general instructions, each country, beginning with Algeria, and ending, curiously enough, with Tunis, has a special section to itself, in which all that it is necessary for the motorist proposing to tour therein to know is plainly set forth. Part I., which gives general Continental touring information, should be read by all intending tourists, as should the hints preceding the excellent series of routes. Finally, this little book is worth having, if only for the perusal of the interesting "Foreword," by Owen John.

Welcome to the Conquerors.

It would have been churlish indeed had the victorious Sunbeams and all connected with them been permitted to return from their triumph across the Channel without some congratulatory celebration. So overwhelmingly successful a performance deserved something out of the common to mark its immense importance to the home industry. Ever ready in matters of this kind, the Royal Automobile Club gave a banquet in the magnificent Grand Gallery of the Club-house in Pall Mall on Thursday evening last to commemorate the victory of the Sunbeam cars and the British motor industry at Dieppe on June 26 last.

SIRDAR TYRES

are the BEST because

THE CANVAS
THE STUDSis specially woven and nearly double the usual strength.
are specially hardened and fixed permanently so that
they cannot fall out.THE RUBBER
THEY ARE ALL-BRITISH
THEREFORE INSIST UPONis selected Para, specially toughened and extra durable.
superior to others, and more economical.your agent supplying them, even if his is a "tied house,"
or we can supply from stock at any of our Depots.

TRY THEM AND PROVE IT

THEN YOU WILL REPEAT YOUR ORDERS.

Refer to any user, all of whom are more than satisfied, including the Wolseley Tool and Motor Car Co., Ltd., S. F. Edge, Ltd., The London County Council, H.M. War Office, and The Admiralty, etc., etc.

MOST LEADING FIRMS HAVE AGREED TO FIT THEM

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE,

Including Albion Motor Car Co., Ltd.; The Austin Motor Co., Ltd.; Crossley Motors, Ltd.; Daimler Motor Co., Ltd.; S. F. Edge, Ltd.; Humber, Ltd.; Lanchester Motor Co., Ltd.; D. Napier & Son, Ltd.; The New Arrol-Johnston Car Co., Ltd.; Rolls-Royce, Ltd.; The Wolseley Tool & Motor Car Co., Ltd., &c., &c.

For further particulars apply to THE SIRDAR RUBBER CO., Ltd., 34, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.

Branches—GREENLAND MILLS, BRADFORD-ON-AVON; 219, DEANS GATE, MANCHESTER; 25 & 26, GREAT SHIP STREET, DUBLIN; 116, NORTH STREET, GLASGOW, &c.

Telegraphic Addresses—"Sirdar," London, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, Bradford-on-Avon, etc.

Telephones—see Directory.